

*H. H. Bauer*

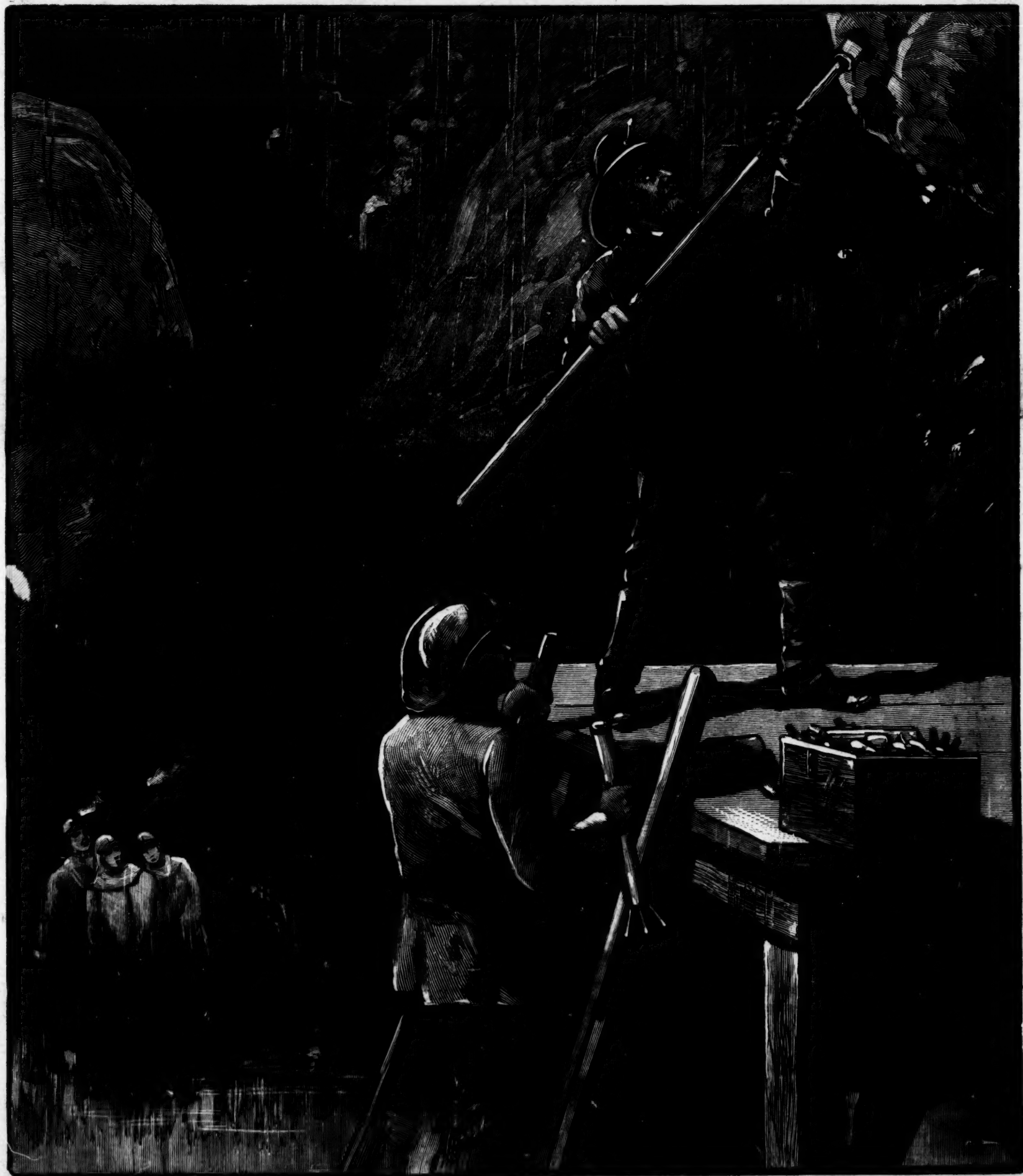
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE ENGINEERING OPERATIONS FOR THE REMOVAL OF OBSTRUCTIONS AT HELL GATE, EAST RIVER—CHARGING A HEADING WITH DYNAMITE CARTRIDGES PREPARATORY TO THE NEXT GRAND EXPLOSION.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

### THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

**I**N the language of the platform orator, the eyes of the country are fixed upon New-York. The man who is elected Governor of this State this Fall will stand an excellent chance of being made his party's candidate for President before his term expires—in the Summer of 1888; while the man who is beaten, if badly beaten, will sink to rise no more. It is natural that, under these conditions, the contest should excite national interest.

Two classes of persons now believe that the Republicans are going to carry the State: the Republicans themselves and that large faction which assembles in the Tammany Wigwam. Republicans believe it because they feel that they have scarcely ever been so united in the history of their party struggles, and because they see that President Cleveland, however worthy his Administration may have been, has not made his party happy. The Tammany warriors predict Republican success because they despise the President and his toplofty pretensions, and are resolved not to support at the polls Mr. Edward Cooper or any pet of the "Civil-Service-Reform" Administration. It may be added that the virtuous Mugwumps indorsed Cleveland for President "without recourse," and will not feel bound to support a Democratic candidate for Governor unless he has a pellucid record, and stands on a cloud-clearing competition-examination platform.

Thus much for generalities. Personal selections for candidates may change the whole probabilities. The Republicans may nominate the wrong man—and the Democrats, the right man. To-day Governor Hill is apparently the foremost Democratic candidate. He has made a very fair Governor, as Governors go. In his appointments and in his vetoes alike he has done what he reasonably could to oblige Messrs. Thompson and Kelly, McLaughlin and Tilden. Tammany would support him. Kings County has offered him its delegation. If there is any reason why President Cleveland should not support him, it is one which is much smaller than his country, or even his party. The Democrats may possibly find a better solution of the problem in the bringing out of the Albany Mayor, or some other "dark horse," but such a selection would require very careful grooming indeed.

For the Republicans there are not so many difficult riddles. They have an abundance of good timber, and factional asperities have mostly disappeared. Mr. Evarts, by far the most eminent of the gentlemen named on either side, is said to be disinclined to come down from his curule chair and make the run; but he may be persuaded to do so, if the chance for the prize of 1888 is set in the right light. Judge Noah Davis, a superior man, has yet some years on the Bench, and is naturally averse to swapping a certainty for an uncertainty; besides which, his Temperance record might antagonize the saloon interest without any compensating advantage. Mr. Morton has been out of the way during the bitterest controversies, serving the country most effectively at the Court of Paris, and there is no special objection urged against him except that he, like Mr. Flower, has plenty of money; and even that objection is uttered in an insincere and hilarious tone of voice. General Carr, now completing his third term as Secretary of State, is handicapped, as Mayor Grace is, by being an ardent Catholic; but this is a free country, and General Carr has thrice polled the full vote of his party in spite of the incidental bigots. General William H. Seward, of Auburn, son of the greatest statesman modern New York has produced, has an admirable record, and would make a strong candidate.

The Republicans have done a bold and even an audacious thing in calling their State Convention two days before that of the party in power, and in this they have exhibited an independence and confidence which cannot help encouraging the party throughout the State. There is to be no "walk over" for anybody this Fall, unless unlooked-for blunders are perpetrated. If the Democrats manage to have a harmonious State Convention, and to get a candidate who will antagonize neither John Kelly nor the archangels of the Mugwump variety; and if the Republicans nominate a man against whom there are no conspicuous antagonisms, the contest will be close, and the margin of victory small. Our only solicitude is that the best man, and the party which most nearly reflects the reform tendencies of the hour, may win.

### FIGHTING CONSOLIDATION.

**T**HE State of Pennsylvania is apparently up in arms against the scheme by which Mr. Vanderbilt proposes virtually to effect a consolidation of the South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek Railways with the Pennsylvania Company. The Attorney-general has filed a bill in equity enjoining the parties from completing the merger, on the double grounds that it is a violation of the Constitution and that it is an attack on the rights and interests of the public. The obstacle in the way of maintaining the first of these propositions is that the Supreme Court recently decided that a statute is necessary to give effect to an

article of the Constitution. But the Court may scotch the monopoly scheme by maintaining, as Courts of other States have done, that as railroads are common carriers, and to that extent public institutions, they must be compelled to conform to those conditions of public welfare which constitute the supreme law, even in the absence of statutes and constitutions.

It is a significant fact that the Republican Convention of Pennsylvania ignored this live question in its platform; while the Democrats, in the platform adopted last week, denounce the effort at consolidation in the most emphatic terms, and demand that the rights of the people be fully protected. This last is a sagacious bid for the votes of the thousands of farmers living along the line of the South Pennsylvania, who have been thrown into violent commotion by the prospect of losing their competing outlet; but the revival will have to be very fervent indeed to overcome the average Republican majority of 30,000 in that State. It is high time that all people and all parties concurred in resistance to that merging of parallel lines which can never be in the interest of the public.

### OUR EDUCATED WOMEN.

**T**HE Association of College Alumnae, representing the thirteen principal American colleges for the higher education of women, have collected statistics bearing on the health of female graduates. These have just been published in the last report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics. The investigation is not only useful, it is also final. It has shown that the severest collegiate course that women can take in American institutions is not detrimental to their health. The physical objection to the education of women, therefore, can no longer be urged.

Of these thirteen institutions, there were when the investigation was made 1,290 female graduates, and of these, 705 answered all questions about their health that the Committee of the Association asked. The results, therefore, are based on the experience of a large majority of the female graduates in America. When they entered college seventy-eight per cent. of them enjoyed excellent health, three per cent. fair health, and twenty per cent. were in bad health. These are about the proportions of healthful and unhealthful women in any occupation. When the statistics were gathered, seventy-seven per cent. (one in a hundred less than when they entered) had excellent health, five per cent. had fair health, and eighteen per cent. had bad health. More had improved in health than had suffered. But during their collegiate course, as was expected, there was a decline of four per cent. in good health. The individual cases of those who suffered decline were inquired into, and it was found that the reason of their decline was not in college work, but in inherited tendencies to disease. Compared with working-girls of the same age in Boston factories, the college-girls suffered a less severe loss of health.

While this investigation for ever settles the controversy about the deteriorating effects of collegiate life, the reports made of the subsequent careers of these 705 women seem to show that the most highly and severely educated girls do not take kindly to marriage. At the average age of more than twenty-eight years, which was an average of six years after their graduation, only 196 of these 705 graduates had married. No one could be so ungallant as to imagine that the 509 have remained celibate for other reason than choice. The conclusion, then, is that the educated woman either does not prefer marriage or prefers not to marry young. But of these 196 who have married, those who have become mothers report that their children are much more vigorous than the average child. The proportion of deaths among them, too, has been smaller than usual. This is, however, but statistical proof of what everybody knew—that an educated mother is better than an ignorant one.

Among the incidental results of this investigation, it is shown that these female students were much more diligent than the same number of male students at any of our colleges; that a large proportion of them have entered the ranks of our trained teachers; and that they are all well equipped to make their own living in the world. They have found congenial occupations, and are successful and useful. The only argument that these statistics leave for those who oppose the higher education of women is, that, when education makes women wise and independent, they do not hasten to marry—at least not in their youth. If this be a serious objection to higher education, let them make the most of it.

### THE SPANISH CLAIMS TO THE CAROLINES.

**T**HE Caroline Islands form an archipelago of forty-eight groups of islands and islets, numbering altogether about 500, lying in the Pacific Ocean between the meridians of 132° and 165° E. Longitude, and 2° and 10° of N. Latitude. The whole surface of these islands is estimated at considerably less than 1,000 square miles, and the population at about 5,000. The Portuguese navigator Diego de Roche was the first European to describe these groups, in 1525. After him the Spaniards Villalobos, in 1543, and Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, in 1565, visited some of the islands, and in 1686 Francisco Lezcano discovered in this archipelago a large island, to which he gave the name of Carolina, in honor of Charles II., then King of Spain. It is not possible to identify with certainty this discovery of Lezcano's, from which the archipelago took its name, but the recognition of the

name by geographers is a point to be noted. Sir Francis Drake is said to have cruised among the Carolines; but the notices, it is seen, give very little that is positive down to the beginning of this century. The most serious explorations and surveys of the groups are those made by the French navigator Duperrey, in 1824, and the Russian commander Lütka, in 1826.

If any European nation has a claim to the Carolines, it is Spain. Lezcano's Island, though not identified, is admitted to have been one of the large islands of this archipelago, just as it is conceded that Columbus made his landfall on one of the Bahama Islands, though it is yet uncertain which one it was. It is true that Lezcano is not reported to have taken possession with the recognized formalities, and true also that the islands have not been colonized or converted to Christianity by the Spaniards, though they have made some efforts in this latter direction. But, as a Spanish writer has said, what title has England to the Falkland Islands? These islands belonged to the Spanish empire in America, and when the Spanish colonies emancipated themselves from the mother country, the Falkland Islands (known only as the *Malvinas* by the Spaniards) should have followed the fortunes of the La Plata provinces; but they are English to-day by the indisputable right of the strong arm.

Germany seems to be disinclined to recognize the traditional Spanish right to the Carolines. But she ought to do so, unless she is prepared to see chaos come again; for it is quite certain that the only security left to peaceable people in this world is that they may count on the sacredness of boundary lines and limits. Rénan has well said that all titles in Europe are derived from conquest; and the Europeans have laid hands more or less violent on the possessions of what are complacently called the inferior races; but towards each other the Powers are bound to use forms more or less respectful in such matters, not merely because it is moral and courteous to do so, but for the more intelligible and forcible reason that any one Power which undertakes to disregard these decent forms will soon be brought face to face with a coalition of the others. It makes no difference whether Spain has settlements in the Carolines or not. There are British islands in every part of the world, unoccupied, but not for that reason open to occupation by other Powers.

### THE PARNELLITE CONFERENCE.

**T**HE Parnellite Conference in Dublin, last week, was the first notable step in what is bound to be the most interesting general election that has taken place in the United Kingdom since the beginning of the century. Intrinsically, the work of the Conference was extraordinary enough. Its members resolved to vest all the power of selecting candidates in Mr. Parnell; and they recommended the constituencies to vote for no man who would not sign a written pledge to act with the Parnellite party as a unit in Parliament, and to resign if a majority of his colleagues so ordered. Never, perhaps, in the history of legislative bodies has such a complete dictatorship been handed over to a party leader, nor has a party forged for itself such iron bands of discipline. In an ordinary political situation such an arrangement would be neither wholesome nor legitimate, and Irish politicians are probably the last who would complacently submit to it. But the situation before the Parnellites is far from being an ordinary one. In its fullest possible strength their party will be but a fractional minority in the coming Parliament. Its only chance of being effective lies in holding the balance of power between the two great English parties; and it can only hold the balance of power by acting cohesively under the direction of an able leader. This fact alone would justify the arrangement come to by the Dublin Conference. But the end the Parnellites have in view is their chief excuse for adopting exceptional methods of discipline. They are aiming to obtain a separate legislature for Ireland. Until they have won that from the English Parliament, they regard themselves not so much Parliamentary representatives as a little army fighting for a specific object. Once given a Parliament of their own, they say, there will be plenty of opportunity for Irishmen to indulge in differences of opinion and freedom of discussion.

Mr. Parnell's speech after the Conference was one of the most confident and remarkable utterances that that silent statesman has allowed to escape him. And, indeed, reviewing the situation at this cool distance, there seems little ground for doubting his striking words. "If we use judgment and moderation," he said, "we shall see the two English parties competing to settle the Irish question. There is something solemn and dazzling in the thought that we belong to a generation about to witness the finish of a struggle lasting 700 years, opposed by such tremendous obstacles and odds. Only the Irish can defeat themselves. The English Parliament cannot defeat us. We have met and beaten the worst that England can do."

### IS IT AN AFRICAN ROMANCE?

**T**HERE is a fascination about stories of interior Africa, which greatly helps out their credibility. The land of the lion and the palm, the continent which is still dark, harbors mystery and gives scope to the imagination. The improbable becomes a matter of course; and the impossible is invested, in that atmosphere of romance, with the outlines and hues of sober fact.

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A remarkable account of the operations of an army of 100,000 African Mohammedans, which for five years past has been engaged in subduing the "pagan" tribes between Timbuctoo and the West Coast, reaches the public through the somewhat singular medium of a report from United States Consul Lewis, at Sierra Leone, to Secretary of State Bayard. It appears, according to this authority, that in 1880 a Mandingo native named Samudu set up as a kind of Mahdi. Collecting an army of about 100,000 Mohammedan youth, eager alike for the worldly spoils of battle and the rewards promised to soldiers of the Prophet hereafter, he waged successful war against the tribes of the Niger and to the east of Liberia. These tribes, it is said, consisted of pagans and vagabonds. At least one of them, however, seems to have possessed the virtue of heroism. For sixty years the Mohammedans had been striving in vain, by diplomacy and arms, to subdue to the faith the capital city of the Soolima tribe, called Talaba. The place being besieged by Samudu, the King assembled his family and principal chiefs in the powder-house, and informed them that he could hold out no longer; but that, his family having ruled for generations, he was determined, for himself and his household, to die rather than submit to the Mohammedans. His chiefs chose to share his fate. They were all blown up together, and the Soolima dynasty came to an end.

Samudu's army was divided into three portions, one of which is said to have recently driven certain French troops from the gold regions on the banks of the Niger. Another division has destroyed the marauding tribe of the Hooobos, while the third is approaching the coast, where it will probably receive the co-operation of the British authorities for the purpose of securing intercourse and trade in the regions neighboring to Sierra Leone.

Consul Lewis does not state how all this interesting information was obtained. It appears, however, to be generally accepted in good faith; and the natural comment of civilized sophistry upon the rampant Samudu's devastating work amongst the heathen is, that it will have an excellent effect in clearing the path for travel and commerce in the interior.

### THE END OF VACATION.

THE advent of September brings the season of vacation to an end. True, a large contingent of the army of Summer loiterers will not strike their tents and turn their faces homeward for a month yet to come; but the rank and file, the workers whom labor calls, are fast returning from the seaside, mountain and inland retreats where they have sought temporary release from the cares and frets of their business life.

So accustomed have we become in all our cities to the universal practice of taking a vacation during the hot months of Summer, that we often fail to realize the enormous amount of benefit derived from it. It is only within the past few years that a movement has been started to give to the poor of our large cities, and especially to the children of the poor, some of the benefits of a Summer play-spell in the purer country air which their more fortunate fellows enjoy. How many lives that noble charity, the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund, has saved, it would be impossible to compute; and the fact that similar charities, having the same purpose in view, have been started in other cities, shows conclusively that the uses of vacation are beginning to be rightly understood. Change of air and scene are as beneficial mentally as they are physically. The English, as a people, recognize this fact far more generally than we do. With the 1st of August, every one who can possibly leave the cities for the country hies to some favorite rural retreat for a month, at least, of vacation. Owing to our more torrid climate in Summer, July marks the annual exodus on this side the water, and September 1st, its close. The comparatively small number of even wealthy persons who are entirely at leisure in this country makes it impossible for our out-of-town season to be of any long duration. Just so soon as the dog-star ceases to rage, the wheels of business begin to move, the schools open and the tide of humanity sets cityward. And yet September is one of the loveliest months of the year in this climate. Its earlier days are generally warm, but glide almost imperceptibly into others of cool air and the suggestion of the coming Winter's cold. Never does Nature look more lovely than when adorned with the flush of the waning year. Why cannot the vacation season, at least for the well-to-do, be extended to embrace part, at least, of this lovely month? If the business man cannot be longer absent, the school children at least should not be obliged to return to their books until cool weather has fairly set in. The opening of the public schools not only brings them back to the heated cities too early, but also brings many older people—parents, teachers and others—who need further rest. Let us hope that before many years September's coming will not necessarily mean the end of vacation.

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE excitement throughout Spain on account of the German seizure of the Caroline Islands last week increased to fever heat. Public meetings in all parts of the country indignantly protested against the seizure; the newspapers blustered with threats of war, and even the commercial classes, ordinarily conservative, manifested their excitement by tendering the Government all the vessels at their command for naval purposes. Meanwhile, the two Governments appear to be moving with deliberation, and there is a probability that a rupture will be avoided. The latest statement from Berlin is that Germany declared a protectorate over the Caroline Islands, believing that they had not been occupied before, but that she is willing to discuss the question of possession with Spain, or, if necessary, to submit it to arbitration. It is said that the islands not seized by Germany have already been occupied by troops from Spanish men-of-war, which have just arrived at Yap, the principal island of the group.

The meeting of the Russian Czar and the Emperor of Austria at Kremsier, last week, was marked by great cordiality and the usual imposing popular demonstrations. It is believed that the conference will strengthen the existing friendship between the two Powers, and that while Germany was not represented at the meeting, the triple alliance will be maintained unbroken, and in the interests of peace.

Minister Cox last week presented his credentials to the Sultan, and is said to have made a favorable impression, being assured by his host that he would be treated with the same kindly consideration which was bestowed upon his predecessor, General Wallace. The Sultan presented the Minister with a set of valuable Turkish jewelry, and also gave him a number of rare Oriental books for Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, and a set of others for the National Library at Washington.

The cholera ravages in Spain continue without abatement, the deaths averaging 1,500 daily. In Marseilles there has been an increase in the mortality, and over 6,000 persons have fled, panic-stricken, from the city. The disease has reappeared at Gibraltar, and at Toulon it seems to be steadily extending. Suspected cases of cholera are also reported from Italy.

Agrarian outrages are greatly increasing in some parts of Ireland. At Kilkenny, one day last week, a mob of 2,000 persons attacked the police, who had attempted to evict a number of tenants, and in the encounter many persons were seriously injured.

SOUTHERN DAKOTA is demanding admission to the sisterhood of States, and with its 250,000 inhabitants it is not probable that its admission as a State can be much longer delayed, though with it may come in also one or two additional States carved out of Texas. A Constitutional Convention is soon to be held, at which a provisional State Government will be organized, pending the formal admission of the Territory into the Union of States.

FEMALE suffrage has achieved some notable victories recently. At an election of School Trustees in East New York, last week, the issue of reform being distinctively presented, the women, to the number of over six hundred, took a hand in the scrimmage, and by diligent electioneering succeeded in electing their entire ticket by a decisive majority. At a school election in Canajoharie, in this State, on the 26th ult., ninety-nine ladies voted, and seem to have decided the contest in favor of their candidates.

HOW MANY of the weaker members of families are sent to jails and houses of correction merely to get them out of the way? Philadelphia, which seems to have become vigilant lately, reports two sober women imprisoned on the testimony of their husbands that they were drunkards. In one case the husband's motive seems to have been to get possession of a small inheritance shortly expected to arrive. Nobody can have visited our police courts without seeing that they are great, galloping, irresponsible machines, capable of doing a deal of mischief and inflicting a deal of misery. The justices should be more careful.

GENERAL BUTLER denies, with a good deal of emphasis, that he has made overtures to President Cleveland, and is anxious to be restored to favor with the Democratic Party. He says he is out of politics, and wants neither office nor political influence. He adds that he is happy in his isolation from political affairs, and intimates that he is not likely to abandon his present attitude of indifference so long as the Democratic prospects in Massachusetts remain as discouraging as they now are. General Butler is a good deal of a philosopher, and there can be no doubt that he is far wiser in accepting the fate to which he has been relegated than in trying to be a potential force, when, in fact, he is simply a negative quantity.

ON October 1st, the Government is going to put into operation the "quick delivery system"—that is, it will undertake to deliver, by special messenger and immediately, all letters bearing a ten-cent stamp. This special service will extend to all cities and villages of over 4,000 inhabitants. In this respect we have hitherto been behind the cities of Great Britain. In London, any time in the last ten years, one could get a letter in the morning from a person in the city, answer it, get a reply, and send a rejoinder and have it received before dinner. The new service should take the place of that now furnished by the district messengers; then let the Post Office enlarge its parcels, so as to supersede the express, and its work will be fully done.

"LUCKY LOGAN" is what the Senator from Illinois has often been called—a pseudonym doubtless invented by Dr. Burchard. It is apt, at any rate. General and Mrs. Logan were upset into the St. Lawrence the other day by sitting on the edge of a boat to drink while the photographer was adjusting his camera. The water was deep, but the lady was dragged out by a boatman, and the Senator swam ashore, just in time to hear the photographer rapturously exclaim, "Superb!" The limner, intent on his work, had actually lowered his camera and calmly taken a picture of the distinguished party tumbling into the water. It was perhaps impudent and even heartless, but it was cool and calculating. Such splendid presence of mind deserves recognition, and when Logan gets to be President, he ought to make this man official photographer to the White House.

IRELAND does not stand alone in its claims for a redress of wrongs at the hands of the British Parliament. Among the matters that will demand the future attention of British statesmen, will be various grievances in Scotland, seldom complained of, indeed, but which have been nevertheless keenly felt. Chief among these are the systematic and long-continued oppression of the Crofters, and the almost universal use of the term "England" instead of "Great Britain" by the public press in Parliamentary debates, and occasionally in official documents, when reference is made to the country at large. This last grievance may be regarded by many as purely sentimental, but the Scotch claim, and justly too, that the use of the title "England," when speaking of the Queen, Army, Government and Colonies of Great Britain, is in direct contravention of the treaty of union between England and Scotland. It is scarcely necessary to state that there is not now, and there has not been since the time of Queen Anne, any Queen of England, and that an English Government or an English Army does not now exist. Scotsmen are fully alive to the danger that threatens their autonomy as a people through the efforts of their Southern neighbors to submerge them, and the matter will before long be made the subject of legislation.

GEORGIA is commendably and notably progressive in many ways. In enterprise and growing prosperity she leads all the Southern and not a few of the Northern States. She has no liking for old fogies, nor room for drones. Now she proposes to make old bachelors pay a tax of \$2.50 a year. This is just. Luxuries should be taxed. There is no bachelor who enjoys the privilege of remaining single who would not rather pay \$2.50 every twelve months, or ten times that amount, than be obliged to marry against his will. If single-blessedness is worth having, it is worth paying for. At the Georgia figures it is cheap—vastly cheaper than paying board bills or meet-

ing housekeeping expenses for two, plus the possibilities of an indefinite increase in the family census returns. When the "loves of bonnets" and the latest novelties in drygoods are added to the category, the \$2.50 becomes a mere bagatelle. On the other hand, those who feel the normal and wholly commendable desire to become family men and join the noble army of Benedicts may find their consciences quickened by the threatened imposition of a tax which will brand them as among those who shirk their duties and evade their responsibilities, while many an economical swain will naturally and wisely reflect that, as he is on the ragged edge of perpetrating matrimony, he would better hand over the \$2.50 to the officiating clergyman than to the tax-gatherer, and thus be so much ahead to start with. In any event, the Georgia experiment will be watched with anxiety by the confirmed old bachelor and the undecided young man, and with interest by every one, the ladies in particular.

THE opinion at one time generally entertained that the French language was rapidly dying out, and was doomed to ultimate extinction as an ordinary medium of communication between people of that race in Canada, is no longer held by those at all familiar with the facts. People who speak that language form now one-third the population of the Dominion, and as the French element has gained nothing worthy of mention for years by immigration, the conclusion is obvious that they increase in a greater ratio than the rest of the population of the country. The clergy persistently oppose the teaching of English to the children of French Canadians, and, as a consequence, in the Province of Quebec generally a knowledge of French is as indispensable as it would be in any part of France. In a recent address before the University of New Brunswick, Professor Rivet said that the hope of doing away with the French tongue must be abandoned for ever in the Dominion.

THE death of ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton, of New York, removes a conspicuous figure from the politics of the State and country. While not in the highest sense a great man, Governor Fenton was an exceptionally successful man in all his undertakings, and for many years his influence in the Empire State was controlling. A Representative in Congress, a Senator of the United States, and Executive of his native State, he discharged the duties of each position with conspicuous ability and entire fidelity to the public interests, and while he encountered in his later days the violent antagonism of a section of his own party, his personal purity and integrity were never assailed, even by his most violent opponents. In private life he was the active promoter of every enterprise looking to the social, industrial and educational welfare of his fellows, and he was carried to his burial amid unwonted manifestations of sorrow from the community in which he had lived and labored. A tribute so spontaneous and tender would not have been bestowed upon one less worthy and deserving.

If the speech of Senator John Sherman, delivered at Mount Gilead, last week, is to be accepted as the keynote of the Republican campaign in Ohio, the party may as well dismiss all hopes of success. A canvass run on the pretense that the country is in danger from "a solid South," can end in nothing else than disaster. We are amazed that a man of Mr. Sherman's intelligence should imagine the popular heart can be fired by the old "bloody-shirt" alarms—by twaddle about the "rebels" being "on top," the danger of "a revival of the doctrines of Secession and State Rights," etc., etc. He knows as well as any man in the land that none of these dangers exist, and that the South is just as loyal to-day as the North; if for no other reason than that it finds it vastly to its advantage, morally, politically and financially, to be so. With real questions waiting to be decided, and the whole problem of the elevation of our Civil Service, and the adjustment of our finances and business to new conditions, yet unsolved, it is a pitiable spectacle indeed to see a man like Senator Sherman groping amid the ashes of dead issues, and summoning his party to follow him to ruin in pursuit of spectres which only exist in his own perverted imagination.

THE First Assistant Postmaster-general is winning golden opinions from old-fashioned Democrats in all parts of the country. Under his predecessor, Mr. Hay, the recommendations of Members of Congress were altogether ignored, and formal charges were required to be filed against every postmaster whose place was wanted for a Democrat. General Stevenson has abandoned this policy as utterly impracticable. "It resulted," he says, "in confusion and delay," and it had the added disadvantage that "it appeared like going to war and trying every man of the enemy by jury and convicting him before the firing commenced." Instead of demanding that every incumbent shall be formally convicted of offensive partisanship, General Stevenson simply assumes that all the offices belong to his party, and then fills them upon the recommendation of Democratic Representatives—being careful at the same time to declare that if the appointees turn out to be unworthy, their indorsers will be held responsible. This is a return to the old system, and the policy is a good deal more honest and straightforward than that at first pursued by the Department. Stevenson has charge of all the offices whose compensation is under \$1,000, and all Republican postmasters who come within that limit may as well bare their necks for the ax. The headman is merciless.

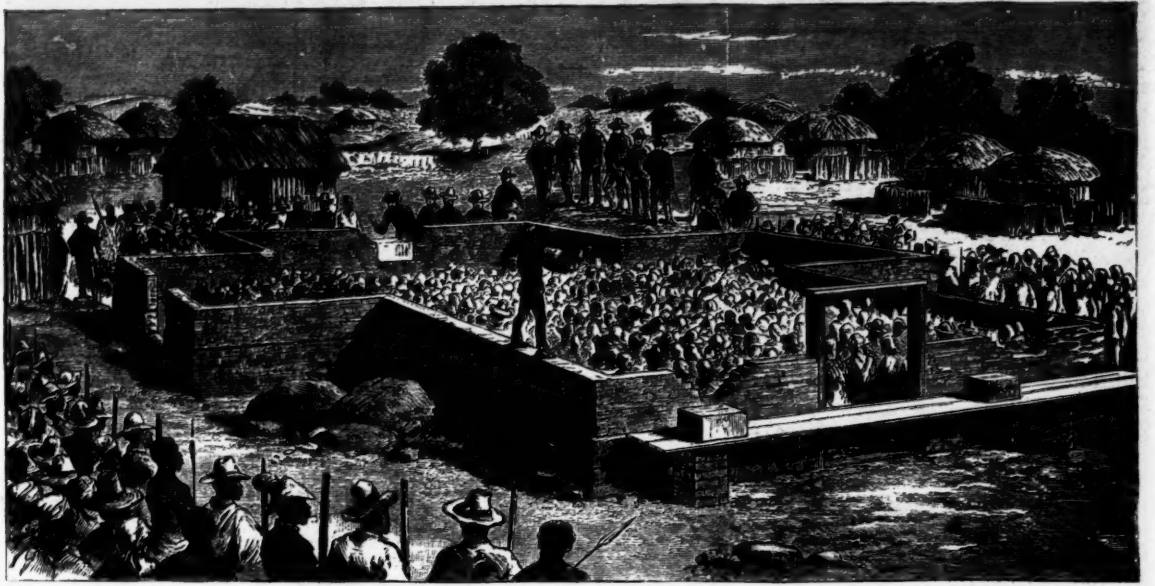
It is rare that a murderer whose work was so bloodily done as Maxwell's was in St. Louis has, on being caught, set up the defense that his victim was "still alive and can be produced." The fact that others, like the Philadelphia billiard-player, the "Sir Percy" of Spanish Fort, the singing-school pupils of Ellston, Mo., and others, are ready to confirm this plea, is not half so strange. At least four persons are ready to swear to having seen Preller since the date of the murder, and this number of witnesses may be expected to increase. It is possible that mistakes as to identity may be made, but it is much more probable that the testimony results from the morbid desire to make a sensation. There are thousands of people at this moment who believe Wilkes Booth to be still alive, and at least a dozen have sworn to having met him since 1865. Several are willing to swear to having seen Madame Restell since she was drowned in her bathtub. Colt, the notorious murderer of forty years ago, was seen repeatedly after he committed suicide in his cell and was buried in Potter's Field. Within the past four years men have come forward and solemnly deposed to having met William M. Tweed in subsequent and posthumous flesh and bones, "enjoying himself as much as ever." "Stonewall" Jackson was met occasionally by his ardent admirers after he was slain. It was widely claimed that Napoleon escaped from St. Helena, and that Bertrand wept over and buried a "bogus corpse." Captain Kidd was hanged in London as a pirate in 1701, but his old acquaintances were always encountering him every little while for fifty years after that. It will be easy for Maxwell-Brooks to produce people who swear they have seen Preller since that trunk was packed; but it will be far more difficult for him to produce Preller alive.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



FRANCE.—SHU KING TCHANG, CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA, ROME, BRUSSELS, AND THE HAGUE.



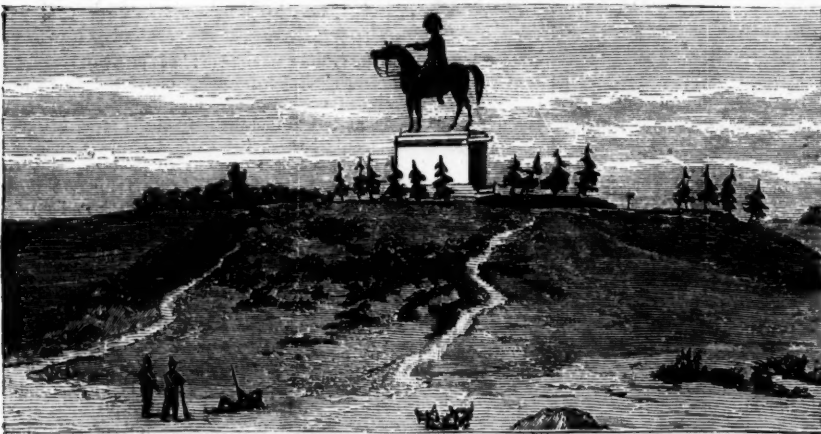
SOUTH AFRICA.—SIR C. WARREN LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF A NATIVE WESLEYAN CHURCH AT MAPEKING.



FRANCE.—MONUMENT TO GENERAL CHANZY, UNVAILED AT LE MANS, AUGUST 16TH.



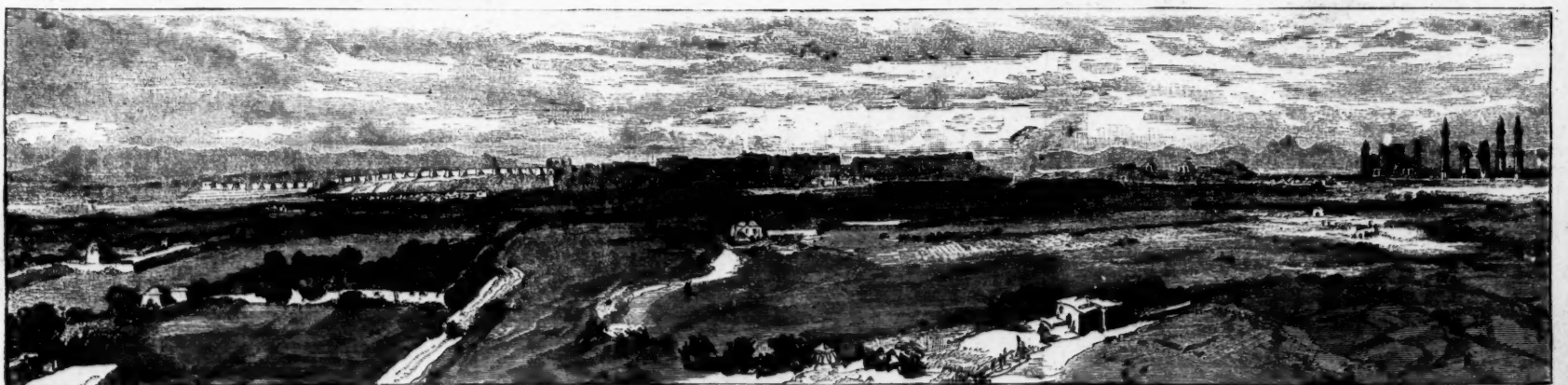
GERMANY.—CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.



ENGLAND.—MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, TRANSFERRED FROM LONDON TO ALDERSHOT.



WEST AFRICA.—THE BRITISH CLUB HOUSE, SIERRA LEONE.



Heri-Rud.

Kushk Gate and Outwork.

Citadel.

Ruins of the Mosalla.

AFGHANISTAN.—GENERAL VIEW OF HERAT, LOOKING SOUTHWEST.





RHODE ISLAND.—THE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT, AUGUST 21ST-22D—SEARS AND PETTIT PLAYING THE MATCH GAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY L. ALMAN.

**LAWN-TENNIS AT NEWPORT.**  
THE Lawn Tennis Tournament at Newport, R. I., August 21st and 22d, attracted wide attention. On both days the court facing the Casino was surrounded several tiers deep with

chairs all occupied by spectators, while eager lookers-on stood behind them to watch the games to better advantage. Among those present were the Russian and British Ministers, and many other representatives of the diplomatic service,

as well as hundreds of well-known society people. The interest of the tournament centred in the contest for the championship of America, in which Sears, Brinley and Pettit appeared as antagonists. On the last day, when Sears and Pettit

contested for the prizes, the game was steady and masterly throughout, but was not characterized by the brilliant plays which had been anticipated. Sears was the winner, and so remains the champion, as he has been since 1881.



ELECTRICITY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM.—THE DAFT ELECTRIC MOTOR "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," RECENTLY TESTED ON THE NINTH AVENUE (NEW YORK CITY) ELEVATED RAILROAD.—SEE PAGE 39.



## THE HAUNTED WALL.

JUST there his shadow fell:  
I see the lines quite well,  
As if to-night he stood  
So tall and proud. He drew away my hood—  
And chose to read  
Quite all my thoughts, and more, indeed  
Than I had dared to own  
Just to myself alone—  
That sad, dear night.

The light  
Fell on him, yet I dared but see  
The shadow off beyond; enough, it seemed to me,  
To stand just so  
And see the lines upon the wall. I know  
His words were true. He did not mean  
To let the long years come between  
His love and mine. He never meant  
To break my heart the night he went.

So still!  
There is no foot, no breath, no heart-beat; but I fill  
This little lamp, and stand it here  
To cast around a scrap of cheer,  
And look across, upon the wall,  
And see a shadow: gilded hall  
Could never tempt me from the place  
Where last I looked upon his face.

GEO. KLINGL.

## COUSIN LEVI'S TALENT.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

MISS DESIRE BATTLES fastened her front door by means of a pine log wedged tightly in between it and the lowest stair. This primitive mode suited the temper and spirit of Miss Desire's mind better than the modern appliances of lock and bolt. Then, with her tall candle held aloft, its flame searching out all the eerie shadows in the wide, old hall, and all the silver hair in her bowed but still dark old head, she went heavily up-stairs towards her couch. Miss Desire always had a tall candle, because as soon as one had become shortened a little she turned it over to her niece Aurilla, or her "help" Lyddy, that they might be delivered from the temptation of sitting up late, thereby wasting health—and tallow. A stair creaked under her heavy step, and she started; she was nervous and fanciful to-night; she thought it might be the influence of the storm; it was raining and blowing fiercely: the tiger-lilies were beaten flat in the garden path; but she did not remember to have been affected by a storm before. She might as well be one of the poetry-reading, dreaming kind, like her sister Lucy Ann, who died young. Miss Desire was decidedly not of that kind. Her rules of life were the Westminster Confession and the Multiplication Table. And as the Confession was, to her mind, nothing more than a prudent arrangement for the next world, the Multiplication Table ranked first in importance. Miss Desire was wholly unable to conceive of a world where the Multiplication Table was not in vogue. She would have modified the views of Tourgenieff's hero, who thought "women would declare that two and two made a wax candle." There was nothing in the universe that impressed Miss Desire so forcibly as the fact that two and two made four, and it was the great aim of her life to impress this fact upon the mind of her niece Aurilla, who was inclined to be weak mathematically (as her mother had been before her), and had been led by this weakness to fall in love with a poor young clerk in an apothecary's shop.

If Miss Desire had ever had a weakness, it was affection for her sister Lucy Ann, Aurilla's mother. To-night this weakness had taken an absurd form; she had felt as if Lucy Ann were remonstrating with her while she was talking severely to Aurilla, as was absolutely necessary and for the girl's good, about George Manson. Lucy Ann's face had seemed to come up before her. It was that which had shaken her nerves, although she insisted to herself that it was the storm. Lucy Ann's face had brought up so many memories. All the dead that ever she knew seemed trooping into the lonely old hall. It was in vain that she summoned the thoughts which usually soothed her hour of retiring—her well-ordered affairs; the security of her money in the Presumpscott Bank, of which her cousin, Peleg Hardy, was president (her practical turn was inherited from the Hardy side), and a deacon of her church, cashier; and, especially of late, since she had felt occasionally a strange little fluttering about the heart, the fact that she had been a professor since she was eighteen.

Another creaking stair, and then—was it the crack of doom?—Miss Desire dropped her candle, and screamed. As her light went out, a pale, flickering one appeared above her head. It was a relief to see Lyddy, bony and grim, in *négligé* attire, with her wisp of black hair flying.

"You know them skull and cross-bones that I see in the tea-grounds?" she said, sepulchral.

"Be still, you fool! it's only the stage-horn," said Miss Desire, restored to her senses by the instinct of authority.

There was a sound at the door; not a vigorous knocking, such as might be expected from a wayfarer on such a night, but a mild and decorous rapping.

Miss Desire started towards the door, with a dignified and courageous mien, but on the last stair she halted.

"Find out what is wanted, Lyddy," she said.

Lyddy peered through one of the side-lights, averting her candle.

"It's a man, but he's kind of a little one, and he's a dreepin' to every pore, and he's got a consumptive cough, and the stage has drove off and left him! He ain't a appetition," added Lyddy, satisfying her mind by another look, "for he's got a tall hat and a trunk."

"Ask him what his business is?" said Miss Desire.

Lyddy applied her lips to the keyhole, and, in a hollow and solemn voice, demanded, as they did at Miss Clatterby's séances in the village:

"Who be you?"

"Tell Miss Desire Battles that I am her cousin Levi," was promptly responded.

"Levi Battles!" gasped Miss Desire, and she looked as if the grave had given up its dead. "Well, Levi was the kind that always turns up; but it's twenty-five years since he went away, and I never thought of seeing him again. Open the door, quick, Lyddy!"

Lyddy obeyed, with a trace of disappointment in her manner; it was evident that in spite of the unghostly adjuncts of a tall hat and a trunk, she had entertained some hopes of an encounter with the supernatural.

It was a mild and delicate little man, of an apologetic manner, who entered, drawing his small trunk after him.

"I don't know as you'd scarcely know me, Desire," he said. "I expect I've grown old considerable."

"Time ain't a mite apt to leave any of us untouched," answered Miss Desire, in a matter-of-fact tone; but Levi saw with evident surprise that her strong lip quivered, and there was a misty look in her eyes, that were still sharp and piercing, although faded from the blackness that he remembered. He thought that Time's touch upon Miss Desire had been more softening than might have been expected.

"I wa'n't expectin' you'd be glad to see me, Desire," he said, a little wistful brightness in his childishly blue eyes. "I ain't never laid up anything against anybody, though I ain't been the same man that I might have been with her; I wa'n't fit for her—you was right there—like a man with stidder tarlunts. I heard her daughter was livin'; that was one thing that fetched me back; seemed as if I must set eyes on her. And I ain't been very well, lately, and I thought a restin' spell among my own folks would kind of tune me up. And—I ain't—exactly able to pay my way just now, I want to tell you right off." His limbs twitched nervously, and his worn and pallid face looked pitifully distressed. "But, Desire," brightening suddenly with a gleam like the fire of youth in his eyes, "there's a fortune in that trunk!"

Miss Desire had heard of Levi's fortune in days gone by. She laughed a grim little laugh.

"Time hasn't changed you much, Levi," she said.

A sharper reply had risen to her lips, but, in the blaze of the wood fire, which Lyddy had hastily built in the great sitting-room fireplace, he looked as if the finger of Death had already touched him, and her scorn lost its bitterness.

Levi's destiny had been kind in sending him back to-night, when Miss Desire's mood was unwontedly soft.

She bound up his wounds with wine and oil (in a strictly figurative sense, for Miss Desire was a teetotaler on principle); she even sent Lyddy up to ask Aurilla, if she were still awake, to dress and come down, when it became evident that his restless anxiety to see "Lucy Ann's girl" could not be quieted.

Aurilla was awake; she had lain awake to hear the rumbling of the stage, between which and her heart there was an electric chain on this night, and her very short little candle had been burning as a signal in her window. The blowing of the horn and the arrival of a passenger had filled her with wonder and a vague alarm, and Lyddy found her already dressed, and her first anxious question was whether "anything had happened to George."

"I don't expect they'd be very apt to bring him here for your Aunt Desire to nuss if there had," answered Lyddy, drily.

Aurilla felt very little enthusiasm about Cousin Levi's return. She remembered to have seen his name, with her mother's, on a yellow old copy-book which Miss Desire had economically produced for her first attempts at writing. If he had come out of the moldy past and taken upon himself a flesh-and-blood personality, he was probably clothed with experience, like Aunt Desire, and scornful of youth and love and everything except prudence and bank accounts.

She thrust a reluctant, disheveled, golden-brown head noiselessly in at the sitting-room door, and Cousin Levi's restless eyes were instantly drawn to it. He shook his head slowly as he gazed at her.

"She's like her mother, and then again she isn't," he said. "So far forth as features are concerned, she favors her a terrible sight, but she don't look nigh so much like an angel."

"There's plenty of old Adam to her," said Miss Desire, grimly. At which Aurilla made a defiant little moue, behind her aunt's chair, which evidently astonished Cousin Levi, but had the effect of brightening him very perceptibly; he even uttered a little chuckle.

"Her father left her well off, I s'pose?" he asked, after a moment's reflection.

Miss Desire hesitated. She found it somewhat unpleasant to acknowledge that Jonas Kimball, who had been thought such a great match for Lucy Ann that she had been almost forced to marry him by her ambitious relatives (of whom her elder sister was one of the leaders), had left his only child penniless.

"You see his father outlived him, and Lemuel got hold of the old man's property and squandered it, and come to find out there wasn't anything when he died," she said. "But Lucy Ann had everything while she lived."

"I'm glad of that; not that she was one to set much by riches, but it's a comfort to think she never was wore down by poverty. And the young one—I s'pose you'll look out for her?"

"If she behaves well," said Miss Desire, tersely, and left the room—ostensibly to look after the refreshments she was preparing for Cousin Levi; really, because she objected to his questions.

"I'm glad you ain't goin' to be poor," said

Cousin Levi to Aurilla. "Poverty is terrible grindin'. You may hear it pretty well, at first, and even think it ain't much, but when you've bore it a long spell, seems as if it took the fibre right out of you."

"But I never shall behave well in the way she means," said the girl. "She means to make me marry young Peleg Hardy, and he's my second cousin, and I detest him."

"I never could set much by the Hardy's," acknowledged Cousin Levi, but with a cautious glance towards the door.

"He has green eyes, and stubby whiskers, and his carriage-wheels are painted flaming yellow, and he *always* wears a purple necktie."

Cousin Levi looked somewhat bewildered at this list of enormities.

"And I never will marry him—never!"

"It's hard goin' against own folks," said Cousin Levi, meditatively. "But I wonder how things would have been now, if Lucy Ann had been more like you, and I'd had a stidder tarlunt."

"I see the old workshop is still standin' where Caleb and I used to kind of fuss and calkulate and hitch things together when we was boys. If you hain't any objection to my usin' it for a spell—"

It was at the breakfast-table the next morning. Cousin Levi's manner was deprecating; he rubbed his hands nervously together as he perused Miss Desire's face.

"I suppose it's just as good for a playhouse as it ever was," she said.

It was evident from the expression of Cousin Levi's face that he quite overlooked the sarcasm, and was childishly happy in the implied permission.

"What little wits he ever had are goin' fast," Miss Desire had already remarked to her hand-maiden.

"An' he's goin', too," replied Lyddy, lugubriously. "It was the very picter of him that I see in the tea-grounds."

Miss Desire shared the conviction that he was going fast, and for this reason she had determined, although her mood had perceptibly hardened, to give him a shelter and put up with his shiftless ways and visionary views of life, which were just as trying to her as when he was young.

She did acknowledge to herself that it would be inconvenient to have him die at the County Conference time, but perhaps still more inconvenient to have him last until Thanksgiving, and possibly through the long Winter. Levi could not be expected to have a prompt and business-like illness; he would die in a desultory fashion, as he had done everything else. But although these feelings were hidden away in her hard old heart, Miss Desire had firmly resolved to "put up" with Levi.

His spirits were steadily rising, and he was cheerfully reminiscent of old times. The gap of years between his departure and his return he left unbridged by any explanations, and Miss Desire scorned to ask any questions. "Taking things apart for the sake of putting them together again, and making things go or stand still contr'y to nature," would have been Miss Desire's definition of Levi's probable employment in all those years. It was not taught in her philosophy that the struggle for the unattainable was the sum of human effort, and she would have regarded as a Bedlamite anybody who should have asserted that Levi's aims were, after all, as practicable and tangible as most people's.

"There was an uncommon smart young fellow come over in the stage with me last night," remarked Cousin Levi, in the midst of his reminiscences of the town when he was young. "George Manson; I didn't seem to remember the name. He's a druggist, clerkin' it stidly, he says, but he's got a tarlunt for the inside of things. And it pays to talk to him. Not that I let him get at my idee! I keep fast hold of that, though sometimes my head gets terrible confused. It ain't perpetual motion now, Desire! I remember how put out you used to be because Caleb and I was always trying to get hold of that, but that was when we was boys. Nor a flyin' machine—how hard we did try to make one!—but that's comin'! Aerial navigation is an assured fact. I expect to live to see it!" with a sudden flush on his face and a fire in his eyes. "And if it hadn't been for the common cares of life, food and shelter and clothes, or if I'd had a little mite more'n one tarlunt, I might have helped it along! No; it ain't any of them things now," with a sigh, "but it's somethin' that's goin' to revolutionize the world so far forth as silver platin' is concerned. It's a new process; nothin' like it ever been known. It won't exactly work yet. I've only been five years at it; looks as if I should fetch it right now, before long. That young man that I talked with in the stage seemed to have an uncommon understandin' of chemistry and such things. I'll keep fast hold of my idee, but I should like to talk to him again."

"If you talk to George Manson it won't be in this house. He ain't welcome here," said Miss Desire, sharply.

Cousin Levi looked at her in mild surprise; then at Aurilla's deeply flushed cheeks, and eyes in which a little angry spark flashed through a mist, and heaved a long sigh.

"Cur'us how things come round!" he murmured, as he drew his precious trunk out to the old workshop, which was empty, swept and garnished—for Miss Desire tolerated no litter or cobwebs—but full of memories which had eluded her vigorous broom. "Twenty-five years and it's all come round again! and nobody hain't ever got the better of Desire yet! And mebbe never will, unless the Lord 'll spare me to fetch this to pass! Seems as ef he would now, for Lucy Ann's daughter's sake—if only my head wa'n't so confused."

Cousin Levi worked in the old shop with feverish and intermittent strength, never wholly losing courage. In the evenings he walked down to the

village, in spite of Miss Desire's warnings of the danger of night air. It was a habit of Presumpscott men to congregate in the stores of an evening, and discuss the current news and gossip. Cousin Levi never brought home any news, and Miss Desire reckoned that as a part of his general unsatisfactoriness. But Lyddy, whatever might be thought of her prophetic gifts, had an unquestionable faculty for finding out what was going on at the present time. So Cousin Levi's reticence did not arouse so much indignation as it might otherwise have done.

It was Lyddy who brought great news, one September morning. She returned from the post-office with a mien of stony calmness, which to the initiated showed inward convulsions. She deposited the mail, which consisted of the *Messenger of Zion*, upon the breakfast-table, and turned away in portentous silence.

"What have you heard, Lyddy?" asked Miss Desire, eagerly.

"Well, it's no more'n was to be expected," said Lyddy, folding her shawl with deliberation, "considerin' that the earth is the Lord's an' the fullness thereof, an' not Peleg Hardy's, as some folks has seemed to think. And the earth ain't upso, though you might think so to see the goin's on down to the village—it's nothin' but the bank."

"The bank!" gasped Miss Desire. She half arose, leaning upon the table for support, and a grayish pallor comes over her face. "What is the matter with the bank?"

"It's busted," said Lyddy, concisely.

"It—it isn't possible!" said Miss Desire, hoarsely. "It wasn't a month ago that Cousin Peleg told me it was as firm as the hills! And he has got hold of a scheme that's going to make him a millionaire! There *can't* be any trouble with the bank!"

"Some says 'twas robbers. Everything's gone—a clean sweep, and the president, he was found all tied up and gagged, on the floor; looks as if he was workin' late in his private office, and the burglars ketched him there."

"And the thieves escaped—with everything?" demanded Miss Desire. "If it's true, I'm a pauper! I haven't a roof over my head! I mortgaged this house for a share in Cousin Peleg's great speculation!"

Miss Desire's voice sounded strained and unnatural, her features moved convulsively. She seemed to have become suddenly weak and aged. But suddenly her drooping courage seemed to revive a little.

"Young Peleg has property from his mother's side. That's something to be thankful for. Aurilla will be provided for. And robbers couldn't have got away with *everything*, and mebbe they'll catch 'em; did you say they hadn't got any clew, Lyddy?"

"There's talk of arrestin' George Manson," said Lyddy, meditatively contemplating a frayed spot in her shawl.

"George Manson!" cried all three in chorus. Aurilla's was a high-keyed shriek, Miss Desire's held a note of triumph, Cousin Levi's was a groan.

"They've ketched him in queer doin's, that's a fact," said Lyddy, indifferently. "Seems Si Baterson, goin' home from courtin' Malviny Hopkins, was the one that found the bank-door open, and the president layin' there, and lookin' round for traces of the robbers, he ketched sight of a sort of a light through a chink of the curtain in Jude Cottrell's old harness-shop, that's right up clost to the back of the bank buildin'. It looked kind of cur'us, seein' the buildin' hadn't been used, as nobody knew of, for more'n a year. Si went right up and ketched George Manson there. And he had a kind of a furnace goin' that smelled terrible queer, and a lot of silver that he seemed to have been meltin', and folks calkulated that he was a-goin' to melt up the silver that he'd stole out of the bank. They said he appeared terrible excited and flustered."

Aurilla burst into tears.

"It's all your fault!" she exclaimed, turning fiercely upon Cousin Levi. "He's doing something queer that you've put into his head, and he wouldn't tell me what it was, and now it's brought all this trouble!"

Cousin Levi arose to his feet, white and trembling.

"I never meant to bring trouble," he faltered. "I'd rather have buried my tarlunt in the airth than to have brought trouble on you! If the Lord would only give me a little longer time—or if my head would be a little clearer. But it's too late, and I've brought trouble on Lucy Ann's daughter."

"Mebbe you hadn't better take on so bad till you hear the hull story," said Lyddy, smoothing out her bonnet-strings, as if they were the main objects of her existence. "George Manson he tells a story that consid'able many believe. He says he's been a-workin' for some time on a new invention; somethin' to do with silver-platin'; the secret was give him by a great inventor, that hadn't got health and strength to kerry it out, and so he hired that retired buildin' and worked unbeknownst, and he had his one winder covered up so thick that nobody couldn't see his light. Well, he said, he'd got to a critical moment, jest when 'twas goin' to be a success or 'twas n't."

"Go on!—go on!" gasped Cousin Levi, as Lyddy discovered a microscopic spot upon her bonnet-string, and gave her whole attention to removing it.

"An' he was so excited he had to have a breath of fresh air, or his head would bust, and he uncovered his winder to open it a crack, and there was a light in the bank, and he see, lookin' down from up high, where he was, right into the bank—you know them high winders ain't curtained to the top, there not bein' supposed to be anybody behind there to see, and a scarcity of light—and he see young Peleg a-bindin' and a-gaggin' of his



father, that was as willin' as could be, and a-shovin' of him how. Folks asked him why he didn't give the alarm right off quick, and he said because 'twas such a crisis to the invention, that he couldn't leave it for a minute; seems as if it had something to do with electricity, an' if 'twas a success, 'twould be worth more'n all there was in the bank, an' he felt more responsible than as if 'twas his own. An' anyhow, he thought, as the president would be apt to lay there, 'twould be time enough to tell what he see in the morning. There was a good many believed his story, right off, an' when the bank accounts was looked into, there was more believed it. An' when young Peleg heard it—there's a good many sayin' it is jest what they should have expected of young Peleg—he cleared out. I see him myself; them yaller buggy-wheels of his looked like the settin' in a goin' down Tripps's Hill!"

"And there comes George, straight up the garden path, and he looks—oh, he looks like the rising sun!" cried Aurilla, hysterically.

George Manson came straight in, his young face flushed with excitement and honest pride. Regardless of Miss Desire—who indeed was limp and nerveless, shorn of all her martial attributes—he went to Cousin Levi, and took his trembling hand in his.

"It is a success! I have applied for the patent. You are a rich man," he said.

Cousin Levi drew a long, deep breath.

"It's true—true! and I ain't dreamin'!" he said. "I don't know as I should ever have fetched it without you. I'd got about hopeless, and yet it seems as if I'd always known that this day would come! It's half yours, but that is jest the same since it's all for Aurilla! I never had but jest one little tarlunt—I couldn't work right along stiddy, like some, Desire—and I don't know what the Lord will think about it—His ideas ain't ours—but it seems to me as if He'd helped me to make it more'n ten tarlunts—for Lucy Ann's daughter."

#### THE ENGINEERING OPERATIONS AT HELL GATE.

THE engineering operations for the removal of the obstructions in East River and Hell Gate, New York, are making satisfactory progress. The work, as will be remembered, was begun in 1866, and it was nine years before any visible or practical results were shown. Then thousands of tons of rock were blown out of water—the explosion being so successful as to place the final removal of the obstructions beyond all doubt.

The obstruction known as Hell Gate consists of a series of reefs and rocks in the East River, where they have long been a menace to vessels passing to and from Long Island Sound. The water ranged from five to twenty-six feet in depth at mean low-water. As early as 1849 it was estimated that one sail in fifty was hurled upon the rocks and wrecked, and one naval officer who was located there for two months reported that fifty went ashore during that time. The first explosion removed a reef containing about three acres, while the Middle Reef (Flood Rock), upon which work is now being prosecuted, contains nearly nine acres. Since August of last year the operations at this point have been confined to extending the galleries in the northeastern section of the rock, comprising about three-quarters of an acre, and drilling the holes in the reef and pillars for the final blast.

The work of extending the galleries has been completed, and all the holes for the final charges have been drilled. The charging of the holes was begun during the month of July, and it is expected will be completed about October 1st, 1885, at which time the blast will be fired. Our illustration shows the method of charging the headings with dynamite charges.

A reporter of the New York World who penetrated, as did our artist, to the bottom of the subterranean chambers, furnishes this description of the work: "There are nearly four miles of tunneling, or exactly 21,670 feet. The longest galleries are four blocks long, or 1,200 feet. You can walk under the rock and water a distance equal to strolling from the Battery up to Forty-second Street. In all, twenty-four galleries of tunnels have been run from north to south. These are intersected by forty-six others, running nearly east and west. The tunnels are on an average ten feet from floor to ceiling and six or eight feet wide. The roof of rock they support is from ten to twenty-five feet thick. The rock taken from them measured 80,000 cubic yards as it lay in its original bed. The 467 huge pillars and roof that remain measure 275,000 cubic yards as they stand. In making these galleries, fissures of water were met with, but they were all successfully plugged. All through these galleries and corridors workmen have bored holes nine feet deep and three inches in diameter. The 467 rude columns that remain have been also honeycombed with holes. Altogether there are 13,286 holes, or one for every working day in the year for four years. These holes are being filled with dynamite and powder cartridges. When the holes are full everything will be blown up. One concussion will ignite every cartridge. The explosive compound does not need fire to touch it. A pistol or big firecracker exploded in any gallery would send everything skyward. So the greatest care is exercised in handling the cartridges. The chances are about even that one of them dropped would explode. Of course that would send every person in or above the tunnels to eternity. There are 275,000 pounds of cartridges to be handled. Placed in a line, they would reach twenty-two miles. The previous explosion at Hell Gate was effected with 50,000 pounds."

The entire amount thus far expended on this great work has been \$3,162,048.31 and it is estimated that \$1,602,963.67 will be required to complete the work, which has been so well conducted that General John Newton, who has had charge of it, will make a lasting reputation as an honest and efficient engineer.

#### DAFT'S ELECTRIC MOTOR FOR THE ELEVATED RAILROADS.

WE give an illustration of the Daft Electric Motor, with which successful experiments have been made within the last few days, on the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad tracks, between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth Streets. The object of these experiments is to demonstrate the practicality and economy of substituting electricity for steam on the elevated roads. Should this be done successfully, it is expected that the Daft Motor will be adopted by the entire metropolitan system.

The generator, on Fifteenth Street, sends a current of electricity through a large copper wire to a middle rail on the track, which becomes charged throughout the circuit of four miles. When the current finds the motor, it climbs up the wheels in an effort to complete the circuit. It passes to the receiving dynamo, a vast three-ton machine mounted on the motor, where its presence causes the armature to revolve, and this movement is communicated to the wheels, impelling them forward or backward. After passing through the motor the current escapes to the outer rails and so returns to the generator in the factory, thus completing the circuit. The motor with which the experiments have been made is named the "Benjamin Franklin." It is expected to draw four heavily loaded cars. It weighs nine and a quarter tons, and is of about half the weight and size of the regular locomotives on the road.

The Daft Electric Motor is already in practical use on the Baltimore and Hamden Horse Railway; while in Philadelphia an electric railway is in process of construction on Ridge Avenue, where it is expected that the cars will be running by October 1st.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### SHU KING TCHANG, CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

Shu King Tchong succeeds the Marquis Tseng as Chinese Ambassador to Paris. He is also accredited to Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Brussels, and the Hague. His occupation of the post at Paris will probably be but temporary. It is, however, the official and public sign of the renewal between France and China of the friendly diplomatic relations which had been suspended since the departure of Tseng. The new Ambassador is forty years of age, a mandarin of the first class, and has already served on several important missions under Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of Petchili. He wears an Oriental costume of extreme richness, and has succeeded in making a very favorable social impression in Paris.

##### WESLEYAN CHURCH IN MAFERING, BECHUANALAND.

Our engraving, from a sketch by an English artist accompanying Sir Charles Warren's expedition in Bechuanaland, illustrates the peculiar spectacle of the General and his warriors in the act of assisting at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a building to be dedicated to the Prince of Peace. The ceremony took place at Mafeking a few weeks since. The church is being erected there by the Royal Engineers, the funds being obtained by subscriptions by the native chiefs and others. After laying the stone the General made a speech, in the course of which he observed: "And how is it that we white men and you Baralong meet together to-day on one common platform?" As the General proceeded his speech was translated into Jochwana by a native interpreter, who in this case gave a most literal translation, for he said, "How is it that we stand together to-day on one inferior plank?" His mistake was excusable, as, in order to enable the General to reach the stone, a couple of planks had been placed on some bricks, forming a rough platform. The natives make the bricks for the new building, and the engineers build up the edifice.

##### MONUMENT TO GENERAL CHANZY.

On the 16th ult., a fine monument, erected by national subscription to the memory of General Chanzy and the Second Army of the Loire, was unveiled at Le Mans. It is a fitting memorial of the brave soldier developed by the events of the terrible year of 1870, and of the improvised army which, heroic even in defeat, threw itself desperately against the advancing tide of the German forces. A bronze statue surmounts a tall pedestal, at the base of which are two spirited groups, also in bronze, representing Attack and Defense. The statue, by M. Gustave Crauk, and the groups, by M. Croisy, figured at the recent Paris Salon.

##### THE BERLIN UNIVERSITY.

On August 3d last, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the University of Berlin by Friedrich Wilhelm III., in the capital of the Prussian Kingdom, was celebrated with great pomp. The festival procession formed at the University, and passed through the streets of Berlin amid the acclamations of the citizens. As the different divisions passed the monument to King Frederick William in the Lust Garten, it was saluted by them, as shown in our illustration. After saluting the monument, the procession returned to the University, and entered the great hall, where the students ascended the tribune and sang the old German chorale, "Nun danket alle Gott." Patriotic and other addresses were made, and the festival ended in the evening with a great Commemoration.

##### THE WELLINGTON STATUE AT ALDERSHOT.

The famous equestrian statue of the great Duke of Wellington, which not long since was removed from its old site at Hyde Park Corner, London, has just been re-erected at Aldershot, the great military camp and drilling-ground. It stands on an elevation called Round Hill, overlooking the scene of many a sham fight in modern times. Standing on this high, open ground, the pedestal appears somewhat dwarfed, and the statue itself is perhaps less imposing than in its former position. Yet the site is, on the whole, appropriately chosen, and the monument can be seen from nearly every part of the camp.

##### BRITISH CLUB HOUSE, SIERRA LEONE.

Sierra Leone became a British colony in 1787; and twenty years later the project of making it an asylum for rescued slaves began to take practical form. Although the climate is generally fatal to Europeans, a few officials have always contrived to exist there, and to-day the population of 38,000 includes several hundred whites. Wherever there are Englishmen, there are clubs; and our picture shows one of these resorts, surrounded by several other low-roofed, rambling structures, in the neighborhood of Freetown. The forces of Samudru, the Mohammedan chieftain of the Niger region, are said to be approaching this place, where the British officers will perhaps arrange co-operation with them for the benefit of trade.

##### HERAT.

"The first view of the famous city of Herat," writes Sergeant R. F. Galindo, from whose sketch our picture is made, "is obtained when debouching from any of the gaps in the line of hills lying a couple of miles to the north. At first sight it is disappointing, as there is really little to be seen

but a vast stretch of gray mud wall. On the northwest, however, are the ruins of what was evidently at one time a magnificent building—the Mosalla—which was a mosque and college combined. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the scene is the beautiful fertile valley in which the city stands. When we saw it, it was a great expanse of waving yellow corn, dotted over with islands of dark green verdure formed by the numerous little villages, each embowered in fruit-trees. "I should think," remarks a recent writer in *Blackwood*, "that there is a great part uninhabited (it is impossible to tell from direct evidence), but Herat is not built of that material of which ruins are readily made; and it might all be inhabited from the look of it. Yet probably there are not more than from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants there at present." The population is divided into two portions, the ruling class and the ruled; the Kabulis being the former, and the Heratis proper, who belong to the Durani tribes of the south. Between these two classes there is no love lost—the Heratis hating their rulers. The fortifications of the city, which mainly consist of mud walls eighty feet high, appear to be in very good preservation, and now that they are being strengthened and thoroughly set in order, may be reckoned to offer a better defense against an attack than pessimists have been wont to allow. There are five gates to the walls, each defended by a small outwork, and on the north side of the fortress is the citadel, a square castle of burnt brick, flanked by towers at the angles, and like the town itself built on a mound, inclosed by a wet ditch. The interior of the city is divided into quarters by four long bazaars which run from four of the gates, and meet at a quadrangle in the centre.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE largest casting ever attempted in Italy is reported to have been recently successfully accomplished at the ironworks of Signor Gregorini, of Levere, on the Lake of Issa, in Lombardy. The block measured 494.43 cubic feet, and was cast in twenty-three hours. This colossal mass of cast-iron, weighing something like 105 tons, is intended for the anvil of a ten-ton steam-hammer in course of construction for the royal arsenal at Spezia.

A THIN coat of pure glycerine applied to both sides of glass will prevent any moisture forming thereon, and will stay until it collects so much dust that it cannot be seen through. Surveyors can use it to advantage on their instruments in foggy weather. In fact, it can be used anywhere to prevent moisture from forming on anything; and engineers will find it particularly useful in preventing the accumulation of steam as well as frost on their windows during cold weather.

SCHROEDER, in Germany, has been investigating the influence upon vegetation of the acid fumes which are present in a smoke-laden atmosphere. He finds that one part of sulphurous acid in 54,000 of air is capable of occasioning serious damage to plants in a short time. They are less sensitive to hydrochloric acid. Coniferous trees are more sensitive to sulphurous acid than deciduous trees, while ordinary field plants resist longest. Oaks, planes, elms, poplars and mountain ashes resist better than birches and beeches. Fruit trees are very sensitive; plums and cherries more so than pears and apples.

DR. DROUX DE CHAPOIS, a French physician, relates several long-delayed cases of pneumonia where excellent results were obtained by fractional doses of calomel—one-twenty-fifth grain—repeated every hour. He advises a recourse being had to this treatment whenever, despite the ordinary remedies, the symptoms grow worse instead of better, when the tongue becomes dry, and when the skin imparts a sensation of great heat and dryness to the finger. He mixes one grain of calomel with a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and, after it has been thoroughly stirred for some minutes, divides it into twenty-five powders. Within twenty-four, or at most forty-eight, hours, he states, the skin becomes damp, the temperature falls, the tongue becomes moist, and the oppression diminishes.

FURTHER tests of the new French treatment of steel for rendering it tough appear to confirm its value, imparting to it also a fineness of grain, an increased hardness, and a notable accession of strength to withstand rupture, this effect being most marked in the case of highly carbonated steel, and in this respect the metal is made to resemble tempered steel without being in all points identical with it. The cause of this alteration in physical condition is attributed to the rapid heating and no less rapid cooling of the metal; i. e., when the red-hot steel is first strongly compressed, which is the peculiar feature of this process, the conversion of the mechanical energy into heat serves to raise the temperature of the entire mass, at the same time that the particles of the metal are more closely cemented together; this effect is followed by rapid cooling, due to the contact of the plates of the hydraulic press with the surfaces of the metal, and the very close pressure materially increases this conducting effect of the cold metal.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 21st.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Mary Constantia Hull, Lady Superior of St. Paul's Orphan Asylum, aged 75 years. August 23d.—In New York, James Bulger, brass-founder, aged 38 years; in Indianapolis, Ind., Professor John Young, formerly United States Consul to Belfast, aged 69 years. August 24th.—In Schenectady, N. Y., Charles Stanford, well known in New York business circles, aged 66 years; in Saratoga, N. Y., Dr. Hamilton Potter, inventor, etc., aged 70 years. August 25th.—In Jamestown, N. Y., ex-Governor Reuben E. Fenton, aged 66 years; in Newark, N. J., Jerome B. Ward, a prominent citizen, aged 65 years; in Jersey City, N. J., Dr. William J. Mackey, a well-known physician; in Des Moines, Iowa, Father Brazill, formerly Vicar-general of Dubuque, aged 58 years. August 26th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Axel Storrs Lyman, inventor, aged 70 years; in Saratoga, N. Y., Joseph Perkins, a prominent citizen and millionaire of Cleveland, Ohio, aged 70 years; in Manchester, N. H., the Rev. William McDonald, the oldest Catholic clergyman in the Diocese of New Hampshire, aged 72 years; at the Northern Lakes, Major Francis D. Lee, a leading architect of St. Louis. August 27th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., William E. Millett, formerly a well-known music-dealer of New York city, aged 76 years; at Summit Mountain, N. J., Nathan Stephens, an old and wealthy resident of Brooklyn. August 28th.—In Pittsburg, Pa., Albrecht May (Baron von Westphalen).

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN B. GOUGH's health is said to be seriously impaired.

CHARLES DICKENS is to have a monument at Gad's Hill.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday on the 29th ult.

It has been decided to hold memorial services at Montreal for, and erect a monument to, the late Sir Francis Hincks.

THE subjects of Archdeacon Farrar's lectures in the United States will be Dante, Browning, Napoleon, and the Talmud.

CARLOTTA, the ex-Empress of Mexico, is forty-five. The doctors note an extraordinary improvement in her, and anticipate a complete recovery.

EX-SENATOR BLAINE, attending a reception on board the *Tennessee* at Bar Harbor, Me., a few days since, was received with a salute of twelve guns.

It is said that Mr. Parnell will, if possible, attend the National Convention of the Irish League of America, which is to be held in Chicago next January.

JOSEPH E. BOWEN, the oldest Master Mason in the United States, died in Philadelphia on the 23d ult. He was ninety-four years old, and was installed the first Master of Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 155, sixty-eight years ago.

REV. DR. JAMES E. BROWNLEE celebrated, on the 23d ult., the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as pastor of the Reformed Church at Port Richmond, Staten Island. It is seldom that a pastor is permitted to serve one charge for a full half-century.

THE addition of Herman Brandt, a violinist formerly of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, to the musical, literary and financial colony in the Ludlow Street Jail, was hailed with delight last week. A first-class entertainment was given, Mr. Brandt furnishing the music, Comedian Ince the fun, while Ferdinand Ward, it is said, read several selections.

SENATOR LOGAN's handsome home on Columbia Heights, Washington, is almost ready for occupancy. It is the place known as the old Stone Mansion, and cost the Senator \$20,000. The house is large, convenient and handsome. There is about an acre and a half of ground, and the view of the city from the front porch is one of the hand-somest to be obtained from any point on the Heights.

MR. KEILEY, whom the Italian and Austrian Governments refused to receive as United States Minister, returned to this country last week. He attributes the refusal of Austria to receive him to a desire to placate Italy. As to his future, he says: "What I shall do now I do not know. I was City Attorney of Richmond before I was appointed. I resigned, sold my library and my house. Now I am broken up, root and branch."

THE story is told that Kaiser William was forbidden by his physicians to go out in the rain to unveil the statue of Frederick William I. at Potsdam, when His Majesty curtly replied: "Sooner than that, I would die on duty. A King of Prussia who can no longer go out to his soldiers and fulfill the duties of his office is no longer King, and should abdicate." This story a grandson of William told to a battalion at drill, and was received with vast cheering.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has not been outside of Washington since the 4th of March except once, when he accompanied President Cleveland, with other members of the Cabinet, to attend General Grant's funeral in New York. Mr. Garland walks from his residence to the Department of Justice often as early as seven in the morning, and seldom leaves until six. When he goes out he rides in a street-car, and lives as plainly as the lowest graded clerk in his office. His ideas of living are certainly wholesome, but very old-fashioned.

ONE scene in a new play which Mr. Wills is writing for Mrs. Langtry is rather peculiar. A character disappears. The supposed corpse of this character is found in a river. He attends his own funeral. The story is founded on an actual adventure which happened to Miss Ellen Terry, who disappeared for a few days without letting her friends know where she had gone. The body of a woman resembling her was found in the Thames, and was being duly buried in her name, when, to the astonishment of all, she burst in upon the scene as gay and bright and full of life as ever.

A New York World correspondent says: "The Rev. Dr. Burchard wanders around Saratoga like a ghost. The old gentleman, although he looks very calm and serene, as if he had the clearest of consciences, yet cannot be very comfortable. He is one of the most notorious men now living. Wherever he goes he is followed by the wink and snicker of some one who regards Burchard's existence as a huge joke. 'There he goes! That's the man!' 'That's the man who smashed Blaine!' 'That is Grover Cleveland's best friend!' are the constant exclamations uttered in his hearing. He looks very patient under all this fire, but he must be very much annoyed."

MR. BEECHER is represented, by a recent interviewer, as replying after the following fashion to a question concerning his health: "Never better in my life. I am prepared for any amount of work, and I am ready now to enter the lists against any man of half my age, and run him a race, say for a year—an intellectual go-as-you-please contest in writing sermons and preaching them, in doing hard brain-work night and day. My mind is clearer now than it ever has been, and there is not an ache or a pain or a weak spot that I know of." Mr. Beecher denies the report that his retirement from the pulpit of Plymouth Church has ever been formally considered.

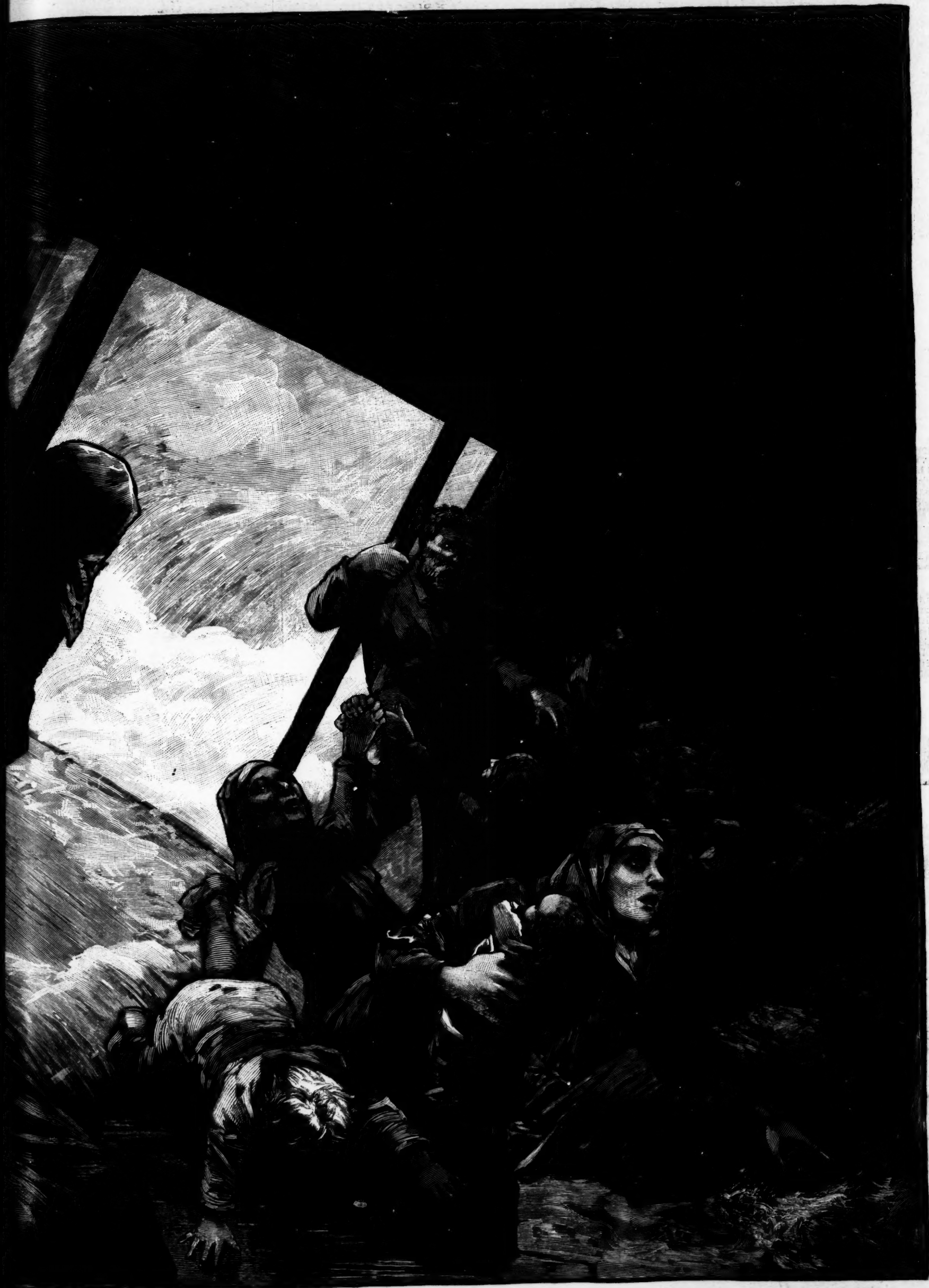
MADAME MODJESKA, the most poetic of modern actresses, is said to possess a house of her own in half the civilized countries of the globe. Her Winter home is a palatial pile in Cracow. She has also a quaint little chalet in the Carpathian Mountains; an estate in an English shire; a cottage on the Cornish coast, near the hoary, brown towers, washed by the sea. Also a stylish house near the London quarter known as St. John's Wood; a little place in old Posen, the birthplace of "Sam'l"; and a ranch of 500 acres near Los Angeles, Cal. She hopes to live in New York permanently. Her strongest tie binds her to Cracow, where her aged mother lives. Madame Modjeska has an intense love of soft, silky fabrics, and her home dresses, as well as her stage costumes, are in the best sense "aesthetic."





"BETWEEN DECKS" OF AN OCEAN STEAMER





RING A STORM—SHIPPING A HEAVY SEA.



## "THE RARA AVIS."

(From the Swedish of Runeberg, by Baroness Swell.)

A T eve, when to his cot he came with lagging feet,  
A mother, in reproof, would to her son repeat:  
"Thou ev'ry morn unto thy snares dost haste away,  
But home, with empty hands, returnest ev'ry day:  
A heedless lad art thou! To me thou bringest naught,  
While others to their homes full bags have always brought!"  
The headstrong boy unto his mother answer'd then:  
"How can we have the same good luck, oh, mother, when  
The birds my neighbors seek I care not to ensnare?  
O'er yon blue lake, down in that tiny hamlet there,  
Doth nest the little bird which, all the Autumn, I  
In ambush lurking, oft would longingly espy.  
This Winter glad was I my wee bird to ensnare,  
And to my home, in Spring, my treasure-trove will bear:  
A wondrous bird, which hath not wings to speed its flight,  
But in their stead two arms, so round and snowy-white!  
And feathers hath it not, but silken tresses fair,  
Nor e'en a beak, but of sweet lips a rosy pair!"

## The Princess Ermenzarde;

Or,  
The Begum's Bracelet.

By M. T. CALDOR.

## CHAPTER XVI.

URGED alike by his own wishes and Miss Poindexter's influence, Philip made frequent visits at Riverside. Lady Wistar was very kind and friendly with him, and she seemed to enjoy greatly the fresh young voices and the bright sparkling talk of the young people as they sat in the same apartment with her, though she left them greatly to themselves, and free to talk unrestrainedly upon their own selection of topics.

One day, during Madame De Leivenéz's illness, he turned his horse's head into the carefully kept avenue which followed the river's tortuous pathway, and seeing Lady Wistar walking alone in the cool shade of the bordering trees, he dismounted promptly, and throwing the bridle over his arm, joined her.

She welcomed him with a beaming smile.

"Good-morning, Mr. Laing. Is it not a pleasant day? I should be out riding as well as you, but for an accident to one of my ponies. And I am so used to them that I am timid with others. Winifred and Sir Robert have been off on a canter for two hours now. I came out to walk here and meet them," she explained.

"Then let me try to beguile the weariness of waiting," he said, gracefully. "I have had my own six miles of hard galloping, and Felix will be glad to cool off gradually by a walk in this shade. Riverside is very lovely in the midsummer. How sweetly restful and tranquil all things look here!"

"Winifred says so. She has grown very fond of it. I tell her that she must have a fervid nature, she makes such swift and strong attachments."

"She has indeed engrafted herself here, so naturally and unreservedly, that I almost forget that she ever belonged elsewhere," observed Philip.

Lady Wistar gave a sigh that was eloquent of happy content.

"Indeed, I myself almost forget that we were so lately without her bright face and loving presence."

"You have adopted her completely. She is like your own child. And I think she gives you even more than an ordinary daughter's devotion—for there is a profound admiration and gratitude mingled with it," answered Philip.

"She is one of the sweetest, truest natures I ever knew. She is quite outgrowing that shrinking timidity which naturally came out of her forced loneliness of thought and emotion."

"Yes," sighed Philip, "the rosebud has opened under a congenial sun, and the perfect bloom is the result."

Lady Wistar smiled, and the young man colored faintly, then smiled back.

"Lady Wistar," he said, abruptly, "I know this is all very improper and premature, and quite preposterous—and yet it is the honorable time to speak, if you will not be averse to me. It may seem sudden, yet it is nevertheless a veritable fact that I have learned to love Winifred—that the dearest hope of my life is to win and deserve her favor. Miss Poindexter has detected my secret. She has been kind enough to promise to show you good proof of my ability to care for the wife I may marry. Dear Lady Wistar, will you be my friend?"

The lady's eyes filled with tears, though she answered in a playful tone:

"How can I do that, when you propose to rob me of this new treasure which has so transformed my life of loneliness and bereavement?"

"Ah, but I will not rob; I only ask to share with you in trying to make her life glad and beautiful," he returned, eagerly.

"You are very bold, young man. It is certainly as you say, very premature and preposterous. And it is not to me you should speak. Sir Robert has made himself her guardian."

"I am a little afraid of Sir Robert," said Philip, frankly turning to her with that eager, ingenuous smile which was so winning in Miss Poindexter's eyes, and so like the dead Marion's, that she could not have denied him anything while it pleaded for him. "But you, dear Lady Wistar—you are so kind, and gentle, and sympathetic, I know I can trust you to deal with me in all friendliness. You understand that I have spoken no word to Winifred—I only throw myself upon your sympathy, and ask you to show me what is right for me."

Lady Wistar looked down thoughtfully, and hesitated before she answered:

"I am quite at a loss how to answer you. But I think it very honorable and delicate to come to me. Yes, I can see that it is much better than to go to Sir Robert, or even to my husband. There is no committal of any sort now. I can sound all the parties without absolutely startling any of them."

"And you will help me? You will not be angry with me?" pleaded Philip.

Lady Wistar shook her head resolutely.

"I shall commit no one, not even myself. You are aware, like the rest of us, of the very mysterious loneliness of the dear girl's childhood—the very baffling cloud which still rests upon her antecedents. It has puzzled us all, especially since the annuity has been doubled within this last month. It would raise grave doubts with some people, and wild hopes in others. It is not a comfortable position to be in. You would be exposed to natural gossip, taking a wife with not a living relative to be identified, and but one dead one, and that one of suspicious doubtfulness."

"All that is but a mist—the veriest trifle," declared Philip, stoutly. "I seek Winifred herself—no lady of the proudest lineage in the land is sweeter, purer, nobler. Do you think such a flower blooms from noxious weeds? I ask nothing. I care nothing. I would indeed the annuity were not waiting here. I only ask for Winifred herself, and the rich gift of her trusting affection," he concluded, impetuously.

Lady Wistar smiled upon him through another mist of tears.

"You deserve her, certainly, my dear boy."

"And you will favor me?" persisted he.

But she shook her head again.

"No promises—no promises whatever. Ah, there they come!"

Philip's horse had pricked up his ears some little time before, and now the quick gallop of hurrying feet was plainly audible in the highway outside the avenue.

In a moment more the equestrians came flying up the avenue.

Winifred caught sight of Philip, and waved her hand to him gayly.

"And auntie, too," she called out. "And what solemn faces! Oh, Sir Robert, they have been plotting treason."

"Very likely," answered Sir Robert.

And as his keen eyes read the expression on his sister's face, he frowned a little and bit his lip.

They moved on together towards the house, and when the horses were dismissed to the stables Lady Wistar took Philip into the morning sitting-room, while the riders went away to remove their equestrian costumes.

Winifred returned before Sir Robert, though he had only to be brushed and have the heavy leather knee-protectors removed.

She was in bright spirits, and exclaimed, promptly:

"Oh, Mr. Laing! how I wish you could have shared our gallop over the hills. You have no suspicion, I think, of the bold rider I have become under Sir Robert's teaching."

"If Sir Robert will permit me, I will gladly join your ridea," he returned, eagerly.

"Of course he will, and be delighted. I never dreamed of the exhilaration of dashing along on a gallant horse until Sir Robert taught me how to gallop," she returned promptly, opening innocent eyes at the doubt of Sir Robert's permission. "And now tell me about Miss Poindexter: Is she well—and happy? It grieves me to see that weary look, and her pale cheeks, when we meet her. I wish you would persuade her to ride. It would brighten her so."

"She was a fearless rider once," said Lady Wistar, watching with a new interest the swiftly varying expression on the girlish face while Winifred talked with Philip.

She was called out a moment after, by a message which the footman brought.

And following it into the library, was taken at once into her brother's broad arms.

"Mary, my dear, your face is as transparent as your nature is guileless. Tell me what that young man has been saying to you."

Thus taken a second time by the suddenly sprung surprise, Lady Wistar faltered out what she had decided to hide very closely.

"He loves Winifred, Robert. Most honorably he comes to me with the story the instant he discovers his own sentiments."

Sir Robert's face was dark and grave. "The insolent audacity of these young men!" he muttered.

"But, my dear Robert, the poor fellow was humble enough. And Miss Poindexter has promised him—"

"Miss Poindexter!" said Sir Robert, sharply; "what has she to do with my ward?"

"Nothing, certainly, dear Robert," stammered poor Lady Mary, almost driven into taking the part she had so determinedly refused to Philip; "but Philip Laing is her protégé, and she has promised to give good proof of his ability to care for a wife."

"A wife!" sneered Sir Robert; "to talk of a wife! These are indeed swift proceedings!"

"Oh, my dear, how willfully you mistake my meaning. Don't you see how honorable it was in the poor fellow! He gives us the power to refuse him any opportunity of seeing her. And he might have said nothing, but worked assiduously to win her affections."

"He will do that now, with all the assistance of his blooming, arrogant youth," declared Sir Robert, fiercely. "And it is a powerful ally."

"You are not like yourself, Robert," stammered Lady Mary, looking at him wistfully.

"Are you so ready to yield her up, Mary?"

"No, no! Heaven knows she is almost the same as my lost Lillian. It will be a bitter grief. But I cannot be unjust. And it would be so far away—"

any marriage. And I pity the ingenuous, frank-hearted young lover."

He bent down and kissed her fondly.

"You have too soft a heart, Mary. I shall have to assume my guardian's privilege, or the lamb will be stolen outright before I can close the bars upon it. But go back to them. And watch Winifred. Tell me, have you any knowledge of her feelings?"

"Not the faintest, Robert. I know they have been good comrades—that she respects him very much, and—I think she admires him, too."

"His good looks, I suppose; the supple grace of youth; the bloom on the cheeks; the light in the eye; the glad trust in the untried, inexperienced heart—all—that have gone out of me for ever!" he said, bitterly.

The sister looked at him bewilderedly for a moment, and then with a little cry of tenderest love, flung her arms around his neck.

"You! Oh, Robert, my dear Robert! I never dreamed—I never suspected! You—you—oh, how happy we should all be—if it might be!"

And she kissed him again and again, and her tears likewise wet his cheeks.

He returned her caresses with an agitation that was not feigned, and when he put her away from his arms, he said:

"Poor Philip Laing! His ally has gone over to the enemy, horse, foot and dragons."

"Oh, who could help it! This would be such a delightful consummation of all my yearnings over your lonely life, and my fondest hopes of keeping the dear child for my own. Oh, Robert! Robert!"

And once again she fell sobbing on his shoulder.

"But, my dear," he said, chidingly, "have you forgotten that the battle is not yet won? that the fair citadel has not capitulated? And Philip Laing has all-conquering youth and grace and romance on his side?"

"Oh, but you are a hero in her eyes, and her gratitude—"

"Hush, Mary! that is a poor argument, and unworthy your fearless lips. Let it pass now. Go in to them. For all we know, he is on his knees before her this moment. Who can calculate anything on the movements of hot-headed youth?"

"Oh, I will manage diplomatically in future," she said, eagerly. "Poor fellow, he has put himself indeed in the enemy's power. He will need to work hard now to find opportunities of wooing."

"Poor fellow, indeed!" laughed Sir Robert.

"But he shall have fair play. I will give him the same opportunities I claim myself. She shall have opportunity for comparison. My wealth against his poverty and youth. His ardor and romantic aspirations against my tried judgment and well-apprenticed tact. His first fresh love—ah, Mary, what shall I match against that?—my title and Fairview? Will they not fly up in empty hollow-ness before that one priceless offering—which I can never offer again to any other woman? Ah, Mary! Mary!"

When Lady Mary and her brother returned to the little sitting-room, they found Philip with a guitar in his lap.

He looked a little abashed, but Winifred said promptly:

"He has been singing me such a lovely Venetian serenade. He learned it of his gondolier, who used to sing it moonlight nights on the Grand Canal."

Philip glanced at Lady Mary's face, and the pitiful commiseration which he detected there sent his heart like lead into the depths of despair.

He very soon made an excuse for leaving.

Sir Robert quietly remarked that he would ride with him the first mile or so, and the horses were ordered from the stable.

Philip took rather dispirited leave, but brightened a little when Winifred said at parting:

"Remember, you are to ride with us some morning before very long."

They rode slowly, and there was a restraint between them which both felt, without really understanding why.

Sir Robert, however, promptly broke the ice.

"My sister's face is a very transparent one. I knew the moment I saw you together to-day that you had made her an important communication. In fact, Mr. Laing, I guessed its purport, and taxed her with it, so that it was impossible for her to deny it."

"Are you very much offended at my presumption?" asked Philip, ruefully.

"That is, perhaps, a strong way of stating my view of the case," replied Sir Robert, calmly. "I certainly was not pleased."

"Naturally not," responded Philip. "I cannot offer a brilliant alliance. Still, if an honorable love, a true and devoted heart, a determination to improve auspicious prospects which Miss Poindexter generously promises to me, will count for anything—"

"They are not attributes to be lightly scorned, my dear Laing. I am well aware of that. Of course I have no suspicion how much they will count with the lady. It is not in them that the point of my objection lies," proceeded Sir Robert, gravely.

Philip looked at him anxiously, and a red flush crept slowly over his cheeks, and mounted to his very forehead.

Sir Robert laughed shortly.

"I see that I need not trouble myself with further explanations. You understand that I love this young girl dearly—that I would transplant her to my own lonely home, where you must know she would be cherished as its choicest treasure."

"I understand," said Philip, sadly, and his head dropped low for a few wretched moments. Then he raised it in a sudden manly determination.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively.

Sir Robert had watched him sharply. He smiled now, though by no means joyously.

"See here, Laing! it is to be a fair fight. I am

no tyrant or poltroon. You shall see her when I do, and as often, if you please. We will not disturb her maidenly serenity. We will not startle her in any way, and, above all, we will not expose her to idle gossip."

Philip looked at him rather forlornly.

"Why," said Sir Robert, "if there are any odds, man, they are on your side. I am the one to be disheartened. I—aged by sorrow and trial more than by years—the best impulses of my nature spent, my spirits broken and jaded, my gift to her but the flavorless second affection of one who has been the ardent lover of another. Philip Laing, do you, in your youth and your freshness envy me my empty rank and wealth? Come," he said, again, "it is to be a fair fight. Let us shake hands upon it, and promise to be magnanimous if the victor, ungrudging if the loser."

Philip put his hand across the saddle, and laid it in Sir Robert's.

"To be good comrades, henceforward, whatever comes," said Sir Robert, almost solemnly, as they held each other for a moment by that strong grasp.

Then Sir Robert turned his horse's head towards the cross-road which led to Fairview, and Philip rode slowly, yet somehow not so hopelessly, forward to Cedarwood.

Miss Poindexter sent for him to come to her the instant she heard the horseman dismount at the riding-block and send the animal away to the stable.

Her pale face, her anxious eyes, awoke his tenderest sympathy.

"I will not delay what I have to say," he began, promptly.

"I knew that there was something important," she said, gravely. "Does it concern Madame De Leivenéz, or Riverside?"

He wheeled forward an easy-chair, and, standing before her, told her enough for her to obtain a clear idea of what had passed.

Her hands had locked themselves together in her lap. Her great dark eyes never moved from his face. All her strength and life and will seemed centred in that fierce gaze. The cheeks grew paler still, a purplish pallor settled on her lips, but still that bright, magnetic gaze compelled and held his.

"He loves her! he loves her!" she said, when Philip paused, and stood waiting for her comments.

"Yes, he loves her," replied Philip, sadly—"but he has been very generous and noble."

"Yes, for that is inborn in the man—he has a chivalrous soul, like the grand old knights of old. But he admits that he loves her!"

What poignant anguish was in the tone!

"How she has loved him!" was in Philip's thoughts. "Her sorrow is far more bitter than mine; and, alas! there is no hope for her!"

She raised both hands to her head and clasped them there wildly.

"I have worn out his patience and his love!" she moaned. "Oh, what shall I do now?—what shall I do now?"

"My dear, dear friend," began Philip, his clear young voice broken by a sob of sympathetic grief.

The next moment she had sprung to her feet, and stood before him a haughty Zenobia indeed—eyes flashing, lips curled proudly, the tall, magnificent form haughtily erect.

"Philip—Philip Laing, this thing cannot be! You must win her away from him! Why should we doubt?—you gallant, handsome, young, and a first lover! You must win her away, I say!"

"Would that I might, for your sake even more than my own," he answered, earnestly.

"For the sake of everything holy and sacred!" she asserted, vehemently.

And then all the fire went out suddenly, the flashing eyes dimmed, the proud features collapsed in a spasm of anguish, the outstretched arms fell heavily. She gave one low, shuddering sob and gasp, and fell heavily at his feet.

Filled with great alarm, Philip rushed towards the bell to call assistance. And then the remembrance of the woman's masterful pride withheld him. He put a cushion under her head. He rubbed her hands vigorously, and brought a glass of wine and a spoon, and the moment he saw returning life he dropped the wine in minute particles between the gasping lips.

When she revived enough to speak, she turned her eyes inquiringly about her.

"I have called no one," he said, well knowing that this intelligence would be the most welcome that he could give.

"You are very good, and more discreet than I dared to hope," she whispered back. "I can drink the wine now."

And she did so, and in a few moments was able to rise, with his assistance, and totter towards the easy-chair.

"When I am better, I will go to my chamber. I am sorry to leave you to dine alone. But I have been imprudent to-day, and taken no nourishment because the food was loathsome to me. Lisbet shall make me some broth, and I will take it plentifully, for I have need of strength. Madame De Leivenéz may be ready to come to-morrow or next day. God bless you, Philip! Leave me now, and send in Lisbet—be particular to tell them only Lisbet. Good-night; I shall not come down again to-day."

He lifted the cold hand she extended to his lips, and went away to execute her bidding.

(To be continued.)

## CYCLONES AT SEA.

ORDINARY rough weather at sea, in what the steamship officers playfully term "a good stiff breeze," is often sufficiently terrifying to passengers on their first voyage across the Atlantic. Who can picture to himself, without actual experience, the awful violence of a real storm?—or, worse still, a cyclone, such as at times sweeps



over the water as well as over the land? It is in battling with these wild forces of nature that seafaring people learn how much a staunch ship can stand, and what desperate peril humanity may survive. Often, indeed, the ship and its human charges miss the final stroke of deliverance, and go down "unknell'd, unconfined and unknown," adding one more to the mysterious disappearances of the ocean.

Our double-page picture is a vivid representation of the scene below-decks on an emigrant steamer during one of these fierce sea-cyclones. The hurricane has struck the ship, throwing her almost on her beam-ends. The sea, running mountains high, has dashed over the decks, carrying all before it, and flooding the crowded, dimly lighted steerage, where hundreds of poor people, dazed or frantic with fright, are confined. Imprisoned by the battened-down hatches, they are thrown from one side of the ship to the other, some praying, some cursing, and women and children crying aloud. Take from Falconer's "Shipwreck," Byron's "Don Juan," or Dickens's "David Copperfield," the appalling pictures of storm and wreck, combine with them the terror of several hundred unheroic and helpless emigrants, and you have a conception of the reality as it exists, but is seldom described, in our own day.

#### THE CATS'-MEAT MAN.

FEW New Yorkers have any idea, even if they have given the matter any thought at all, how and by what means the numerous cats whose sleek and graceful forms are seen in many of the down-town offices, stores and cellars, get their daily nourishment. They will be most likely surprised to hear that there is an organized commissary whose sole business it is to minister to their wants. In a cellar at the corner of Front and Beekman Streets there is daily prepared large baskets of cats' meat, each ration being neatly packed in a brown paper parcel by "Alec," the proprietor of the East Side route, who makes three or four trips each morning to supply his customers, and is usually paid by the month for his services.

"Alec" is no "mean provider," and takes great pride in the condition of his feline clientele. He arranges his tidbits with a view to coaxing up the appetites of his protégés by giving them variety, and judging by the enthusiastic reception he meets with, may be considered the pet of the pets. Recently our artist accompanied him on his rounds with a view of sketching, if possible, some of his boarders. Having had some experience of the remarkable uncertainty of a cat as a sitter, the artist carried along a camera, with some instantaneous plates. The result of the expedition is on page 44. It will be seen by the portraits that an express train is no circumstance to the lightning rapidity with which a cat will get out of focus, and that no amount of meat and coaxing will induce this animal to sit quietly and have its "portrait taken." "Alec" had supposed that a focus being the point where the rays meet (they raise meat), it would immediately attract a cat's attention. It seemed, however, to be so repulsive, that some fine specimens escaped to the gloom of the cellar and could not again be coaxed into daylight.

#### THE STORM ON THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST.

A TERRIFIC storm and cyclone, accompanied by a tidal wave, swept over the South Atlantic coast on the morning of Tuesday, the 25th ult., doing extensive damage in the City of Charleston, S. C., and amongst the shipping along the shore. It was not like the usual August storms, or equinoctial gales, being far more sudden and violent. At half-past one A. M. a southwest gale came up from the sea, nearly submerging Sullivan's Island, where several houses were blown away, and the New Brighton Hotel was wrecked. The velocity of the wind increased steadily, until, between eight and nine o'clock, it was blowing seventy-five or eighty miles an hour. The northern edge of the cyclone struck Charleston, and in less than an hour's time wrought worse devastation than a second bombardment might have done. The historic Church of St. Michael was unroofed, and part of its spire was blown down. The beautiful Battery, the pride of Charleston, was torn up by the tidal wave. The water dashed over the granite walls, carrying everything before it, and finally reaching the handsome residences skirting the Battery, where it broke in the windows and shattered the doors. All along the river front, the wharves (upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars had but recently been expended) were demolished. Fishermen's boats and other small craft were destroyed, the ruined docks being piled with wrecks. Many vessels were driven high and dry out of the water. In the city, the damage done to houses and public buildings was extensive. Trees were uprooted by scores, and portions of slate and tin roofs were strewn about the streets. The spire of the Citadel Square Baptist Church, one of the tallest in the city, was blown across the four-storied dwelling of Thomas D. Dotterer, cutting away the piazza and front walls, and leaving the interior exposed to the storm.

About a mile of railroad-tracks was torn up, and freight-depots and storehouses were badly damaged. The Ashley River bridge, in course of construction, was swept away. The loss of public and private property in Charleston alone is estimated at considerably over a million dollars. No person is reported as having received serious injuries in the city, but several lives were lost at sea. Wrecks are reported all along the South Carolina coast. As an instance of what vessels unfortunate enough to be in the track of the storm had to pass through, we may cite the experience of the steamship *William Lawrence*—plying between Baltimore and Savannah. Her captain lost his bearings amidst the terrific strife of the elements, and put out to sea. The waves broke all over the vessel, carrying away all gear, tackle, sails, awning, and all movable articles on the upper deck forward; smashed in the front of the pilot-house, and carried away the binnacle. Second Officer Robert Schauer was washed overboard and drowned. The water was two feet deep in the saloon. The sea striking the ship broadside and breaking in the ports on the main deck, it was necessary to cut away the ports on the opposite side in order to free her from the quantity of water shipped. As the ports were thrown open a mountainous wave broke over the ship, washing all her cargo between decks and all the trunks of the passengers out through the opening into the sea. It also became necessary, in order to lighten the ship to keep her from foundering, to throw a considerable portion of the remaining cargo overboard. She succeeded, however, almost by a miracle, in weathering the storm, and reached

her dock in Savannah on Wednesday morning, twenty-four hours overdue.

Such were a few of the incidents of what is said to have been the worst storm that has visited the South Atlantic coast for thirty years. Scenes of its ravages in Charleston are pictured on page 45.

#### THE PRESIDENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the New York World, who succeeded in penetrating to the retreat of President Cleveland in the North Woods, gives a word-description of the primitive fare and surroundings of the President and his party. Speaking of a breakfast at which he "assisted," he says: "The meal consisted of broiled venison, baked potatoes, hot biscuits and tea with condensed milk. It was served on a rough board supported on stakes. Large logs were used as chairs. Everything was primitive in the extreme. There was not the slightest thought of form or formality. While we sat at the table I had an excellent opportunity to observe the President's appearance. He seemed even to have gained considerable flesh since he entered the mountains, and his manner betokened some fatigue and lassitude. I was told by one of his guides that the arduous journey through the forest had exhausted him so much, that for two days after reaching the camp he had been unable to freely move about. Small wonder, speaking from my own experience! The life that he is leading in his retreat in the wilderness is evidently too much even for him. It is totally unadapted for any but the hardiest woodsman."

"The President's party are quartered in a log-cabin twenty-seven feet long, five and one-half feet high and about ten feet wide. It is divided in the middle by a partition. The rear of the cabin is used as a sleeping-apartment by Mr. Cleveland and his friends; the front division is the store-room and the bed-room for the guides. None of the occupants of the camp remove their clothes at night; when ready to retire they wrap themselves in a blanket and lay down on the ground, which is covered with balsam boughs. A fire is kept burning outside the camp at night to keep away any bears or catamounts that might be prowling about. The President informed me that they had discovered bear-tracks near the camp, but the bears, perhaps, divined that the camp was well armed, and accordingly kept a respectful distance."

"The party is attended by four guides, all of whom are familiar to tourists in the Adirondacks. They are Gard, Maloney, famous for his skill in navigating the more dangerous mountain lakes; Charlie Brown, who is especially skillful in running the dogs; Wes, Wood, who acts as cook; and last, President Cleveland's personal guide, Dave Cronk. Cronk is a tall, powerfully built fellow, of whose strength and endurance many stories are told. These men are all on terms of easy familiarity with their employers. They all seem brother-sportsmen rather than servants and masters."

"Hunting and fishing, of course, are the principal occupations of the woodsman. The President is more closely addicted to the latter, and says that he cares very little for shooting. Mr. Ward is the huntsman of the party, and he has supplied the venison served up to this time in the camp. The President usually spends almost the entire day in angling. He does not fish with the fly, as he thinks he can catch more trout with bait. At night the camp indulges in jack-hunting, the most unique and the weirdest sport to be found in the Adirondacks. Each of the sportsmen, attended by a guide, stations himself in a boat near the shore of the lake. At one end of the boat is fixed a light—generally a dark-lantern or a pine torch. The boats are paddled along silently until a deer comes down to the shore to drink. As soon as the animal sees the light it stops as if spellbound. It seems totally unable to comprehend the meaning of the unusual glamour, and stands fascinated until the hunter, seated in the boat, comes within close shooting distance. The deer falls an easy victim, though often, as happened at this camp last week, he manages, even when badly wounded, to make his way back to the forest. The guides object to this manner of hunting, as they say the deer has no chance for his life, and the killing is not sport, but butchery."

"What with fishing and deer-stalking by day and jack-hunting by night, it will be seen that but little time is left for rest. This may account for the worn appearance of the President. On such nights as they are held in camp by rain or fatigue after a hard day's sport, the party spend the time until daylight in a game of euchre. One of the guides informed me that the President, since he had been in camp, had not averaged over three or four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four."

"The whole tenor of the life in the camp is wild and primitive in the extreme. Mr. Cleveland's attire was not as picturesque or conventionally appropriate as that of his companions. He wore trousers and waistcoat of dark diagonal goods, evidently belonging to a worn-out dinner suit. The trousers needed sewing. His shirt was of dark-blue flannel, and for a cravat he wore a piece of heavy dark ribbon. His hat was of black felt, with very broad brim. He dispensed with a coat, even on the cooler days; and it was noticeable that while at the Prospect House he often walked about in his shirt-sleeves."

#### MEASURING THE STARS.

DR. ELKIN, in charge of the heliometer of the Yale College observatory, has been engaged for nearly a year and a half past in measuring the group of the Pleiades, his original plan being to measure with this instrument the same stars which Bessel measured with the Königsberg heliometer about fifty years ago. Dr. Elkin has taken advantage of all the improvements in the instrument and the methods of using it which have been developed in the last half-century; and, in addition to the successful carrying-out of his carefully elaborated plan of triangulation, he has also been able to extend his work to a large number of stars which Bessel did not measure. The position-angle and distance of the Bessel stars from the large star Alcyone are included in the work. Dr. Elkin has also obtained measures of the distances of a number of craters on the moon from neighboring stars on thirty-six nights, near the times of first and last quarter. The positions of these craters on the moon itself had been determined; also series of measures made of the diameters of Venus, of the outer ring of Saturn, and of the satellite Titan referred to its primary. A registering micrometer has been devised, and, in the form constructed by the Repsold, has proved a complete success, greatly increasing the amount of work which the observer can accomplish. Dr. Elkin proposes to devote the heliometer for a year and a half to come to investigations in stellar

parallax. The plan of research mapped out and already commenced will, it is hoped, if carried to completion, furnish a reliable value of the relative parallax of stars of the first and eighth magnitude.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE newspapers of the world have just been reckoned up at about 35,000, thus giving one to every 28,000 inhabitants.

PEAT-BOGS cover about one-seventh of the surface of Ireland. Some of these bogs are supposed to represent 20,000 years' growth.

THE Supreme Court of British Columbia is the only place in America where the judges and lawyers wear the wigs and gowns of English usage.

THE Michigan Agricultural College people are testing the vitality of seeds buried in sealed bottles six years ago. The seeds which thus far prove to have most vitality are those of common weeds, their percentages being from 90 to 100, while plant seed did not germinate freely.

THE Pennsylvania Democracy last week nominated Conrad B. Day for State Treasurer on a platform which cordially approves the National and State Administrations, demands the enforcement of the Constitutional provisions forbidding mergers of competing railroad lines, and declares in favor of regulating the liquor traffic by license.

THE Executive Committee of the Order of Knights of Labor had an interview last week with Jay Gould and others, with a view of effecting a settlement of the difficulties existing between the Wabash Railroad and their organization. The conference was amicable, and it is hoped that some satisfactory adjustment of the trouble will be arrived at.

ELECTRICITY has been brought to the aid of the sportsman by the use of a small lamp for the front sight of a rifle, to render it visible in the dusk, or when from any cause whatever there is insufficient light. The minute electric lamp is fixed near the muzzle of the gun, and shielded by a metallic screen. The current is supplied by a small battery in the stock.

THE census of Colorado, just taken, shows the population of the State to be 243,910, as against 194,327 in 1880, or an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent. The manufacturing industries have increased from 599 in 1880 to 1,004 in 1885; the number of farms from 4,506 to 8,474. All other branches of industry show a material increase. The number of schools have also largely increased.

ACCORDING to President Warren, of Boston University, the apparent gain in numbers of the black race over the South is largely due to the fact that the white is credited by the census simply with its own white offspring, while the negro is credited with its own proper descendants, as well as with all the increase of the entire mixed population of the country, and over and above this, with all the children of white men by negro or mixed mothers, and with all the children of white women by negro or mixed fathers.

ONE hundred and fifty million tons of matter in solution are annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi. At this rate one foot of land over the whole basin would be removed in 4,000 years. Similar calculations applied to the St. Lawrence, the La Plata and the Amazon reach the result that 100 tons per square mile is removed from the entire American continent every year. One cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic Ocean from America, Africa, Europe and Asia. And so the continents waste away and form material for new ones in the geological ages.

THE Italian Government has established in Turin a commercial museum, having for its object a permanent exhibition of all the different samples of goods which are manufactured and consumed in every country of the world. The exhibition will include also raw materials and exhibits of the methods of packing and marking goods in the various markets of the world. American manufacturers desiring to take part in this exhibition, with samples of their productions, may forward them to the Consulate-general in New York city, charges paid, and the goods will be carefully sent to their destination.

TEEL'S MARSH, in Nevada, is the most productive borax field on the Pacific Coast. Its deposit covers ten square miles of surface, and is said to include chemically pure common salt, borax in three forms, sulphate of soda and carbonate of soda. The basin of Nevada, in which it is situated, is covered in many parts with dry, efflorescent salts, washed in course of ages from the soda feldspar of the volcanic rocks and ridges of yellow lava which cover the country for miles. The waters of the lakes are heavy, appear like thin oil, smell like soap, possess great detergent qualities, are caustic as potash, and easily saponify.

"DURING eight centuries," says a correspondent of *Nature*, "one's direct ancestors amount to a far greater number than would at first be contemplated. Taking three generations to a century, one has father and mother (2), grandparents (4), great-grandparents (8). At the end of the second century the number of ancestors springs to 64. Following the calculation, you will find that at the end of eight centuries one is descended from no less than 16,000,000 ancestors. Internarrage, of course, would reduce this estimate, and there is no doubt it must have largely prevailed. But the figures are so enormous that, in spite of all, I venture to suggest that the words, 'All ye are brethren,' are literally true."

THE making of the inventory of Victor Hugo's MSS. has raised some curious questions. "Les Deux Jumeaux" has disappeared. Hanteville House and all possible receptacles in Paris have been ransacked without success. And the history of this uncompleted drama is a curious one. Act by act was read by the poet, as it was written (in 1839), to Madame Hugo, the eldest daughter Léopoldine, the painter Boulanger, Vacquerie, and Paul Meurice. One of these must have mentioned the subject, which is that of the Man in the Iron Mask, to Dumas père, for Victor Hugo soon afterwards found his plot and his strongest situation reproduced in one of the romancist's most famous novels. The particular scene which convinced Hugo that he had been betrayed is that in which Anne of Austria, confronted with her two sons, hesitates to pronounce which of them is really Louis XIV. Among the completed pieces discovered are a fairy drama, in which forest-trees and flowers are the speakers; "L'Épée," a heroic legend; "Mangeront-ils?" a socialistic drama; and "La Grand'mère."

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ELECTRICAL headlights are now in use on the locomotives of a Western railroad.

SOME of the gamblers driven out of Chicago have established their games in boats beyond the city limits on the lake.

It is said that Maine's sardine crop is shrinking year by year. They have probably fished out most of the shiners and chubs and young suckers.

A SEVERE frost last week visited the greater portion of the Northwest Territory, extending southward to the northern part of Minnesota. The temperature fell to 27° at St. Vincent.

A NEW Presbyterian church in Carroll, Iowa, has just been dedicated, free from debt, which has a novel arrangement for the accommodation of babies. The corners of the auditorium are curtained off, and behind each are cradles and rocking-chairs.

THE hop crop of the world for 1885 is estimated at 182,400,000 pounds, of which 40,400,000 pounds will be produced in the United States. It is probable that American hops will be liberally used in England during the coming season, if they are properly picked and cured.

THE transfer of \$12,500,000 gold coin from San Francisco to New York as registered mail matter was accomplished without the knowledge of any one outside of the Treasury and Post-office Departments, a fact that is highly creditable to the discipline of the Government service.

At the Hyde Park "Morality" mass-meeting in London, on Saturday, August 22d, a tall woman of at least fifty years of age, dressed in severe black, and with a very determined face, marched in the procession, carrying a sign with a black border, which read: "Is Moloch to claim us all?"

JUDGE VAN HOESEN decided, in the New York city Court of Common Pleas, last week, in a case where the wife asked alimony, that a husband cannot be compelled to support his wife's relations, and on this ground denied the petition of the plaintiff, whose mother and two sisters had been billeted by her on her liege lord.

It is said that fully one-half of the citizens of New Rochelle, L. I., are descendants of old Huguenot families. On Monday of last week (the anniversary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day) the Huguenot Society of America held its annual meeting there, on the spot where the Huguenots first landed, about 1690.

THE grape crop in the Hudson River Valley is this year almost unprecedented. So immense is the yield that many vineyardists are willing to take two cents a pound for every bunch on their vines. All the Hudson River steamboats which carry fruit to New York will be taxed to their utmost capacity, while the railroads expect to carry tons of grapes.

THE United States Consular Service in China is to be thoroughly investigated by Minister Denby under instructions from Secretary Bayard. The necessity for such a general overhauling of the Consular offices, it is said at the State Department, has been known for years, but political reasons and personal friendships have interfered to prevent needed reforms.

SEVEN Mormon elders, who have been for some time conducting services in the East End of London, were last week mobbed, and the hall in which they were speaking utterly wrecked by an infuriated crowd. Several of the elders were captured and terribly abused by the mob. Their clothing was torn to shreds, and they were beaten until they were unconscious and almost lifeless.

THE Cunard steamer *Etruria* is the latest claimant of the honor of being the "greyhound of the Atlantic." Her time across, on her latest trip, allowing for the difference of Queenstown and New York time, was: From Queenstown to Sandy Hook, 6 days, 5 hours and 46 minutes; from Fastnet to Sandy Hook, 6 days, 2 hours and 45 minutes; and from Fastnet to sighting Fire Island, 6 days, 1 hour and 15 minutes.

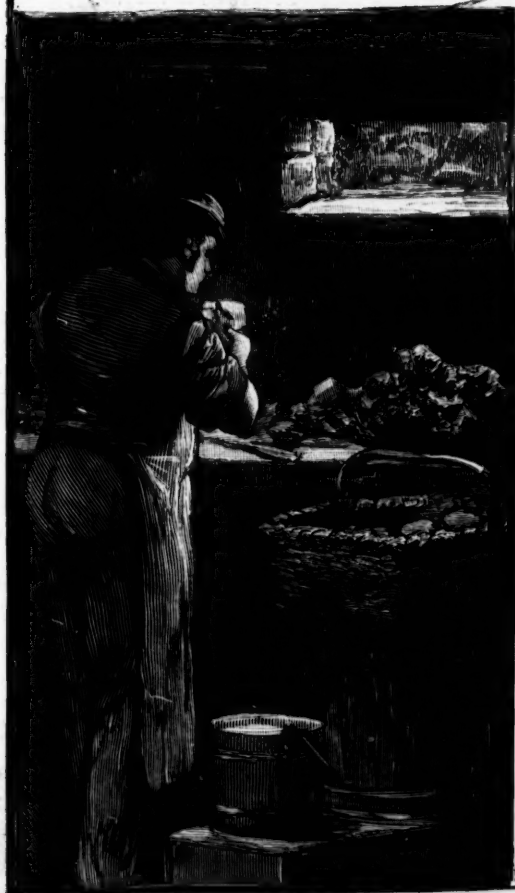
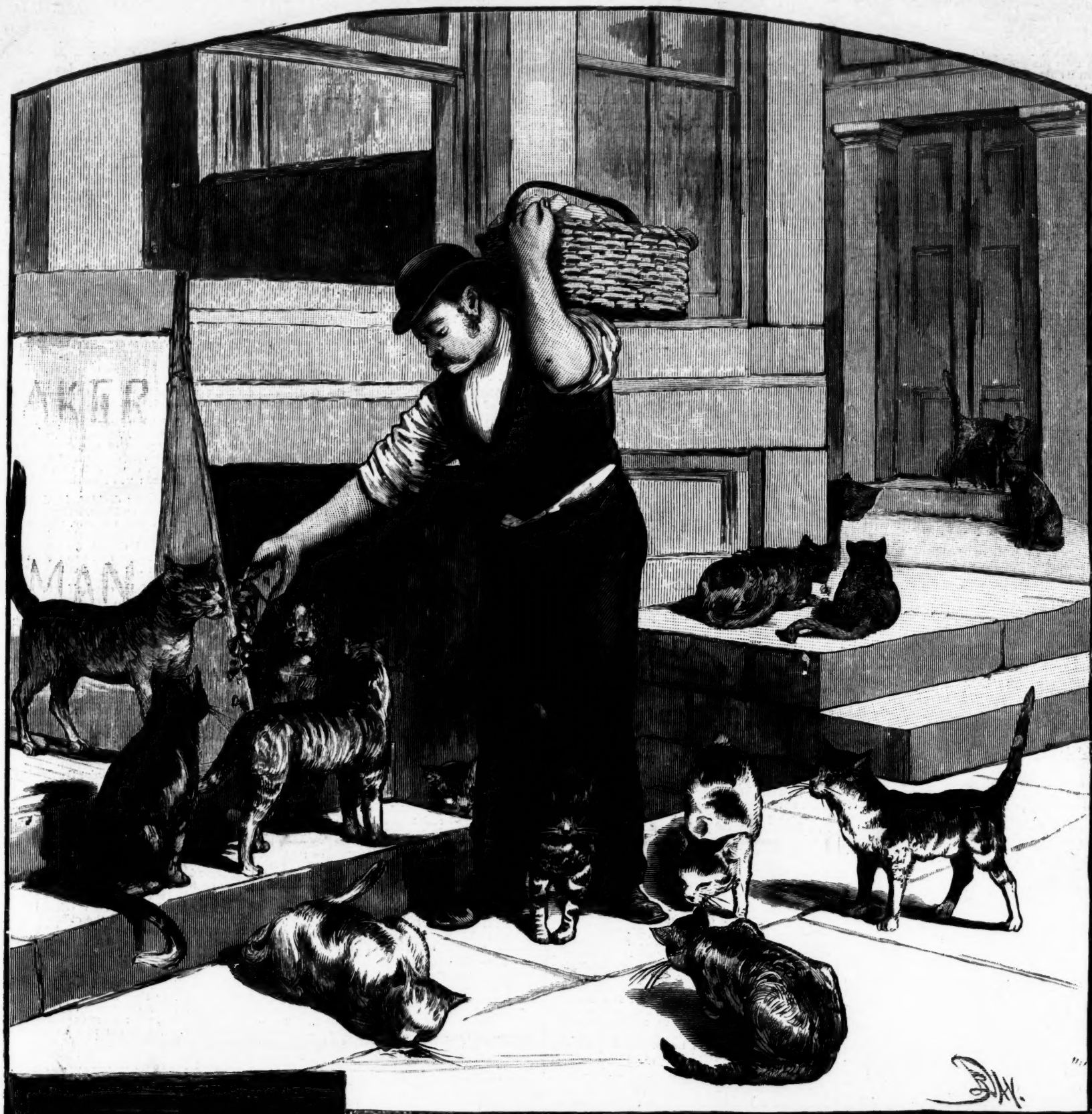
THE King of Bavaria is hard-pressed for funds. He has recently made application to several financial firms in Paris for a loan, offering as a pledge for its security the income of the Crown for ten years. The application was unsuccessful. The King has ceased paying the salaries of his court officials, and the Ministers decline to ask the Chambers to intervene for the purpose of assisting the King, declaring that bankruptcy is imminent.

In the gazette of rewards for services during the Sudan campaign, 272 soldiers, ranging in rank from private to lieutenant-general, are especially mentioned by name for gallant and meritorious service. The majority of them received promotions of one or two steps in rank, and many receive the Victoria Cross and other decorations. General Sir Gerald Graham gets the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Colonel Sir Charles Wilson is made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

THE Portuguese explorers, Messrs. Capello and Ivens, who started from Mossamedes in March, 1884, have arrived at Cape Town. They have traversed Central Africa from west to east, while Stanley and Cameron crossed it from east to west. They reached Quillman in June, 1885, after having marched 7,800 kilometres, 4,800 of which had never been explored before. They discovered the sources of the Lualaba, a tributary of the Congo, and a country, rich in copper, named Garanganja. Eighty of the 120 men who escorted them died on the route. They suffered from great privations.

THE Chautauqua University and Assembly are doing a great educational work. The School of Theology has 460 non-resident students, not one of whom is able to take a regular course at a seminary. The College of Liberal Arts has 160 students. The branches are those pursued at Yale, Harvard, and other colleges and universities. The Art School, which is now about two months old, already has 1,200 students. The Town and County Club, about three months old, has over 700 students. One thousand students of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, who had completed the four years' course of readings, were graduated this year, and 100,000 in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, the European Continent, India, China, Japan, South Africa, and other parts of the world, are now reading the required books for 1886. Most of the teaching in the University is done by correspondence, with aid from local instructors. Degrees are given only to those who complete a regular college course in eight or sixteen years.





1. Serving his Customers. 2. Preparing the Meat. 3. Photographing the Cats.

NEW YORK CITY.—HOW OUR FELINE PETS ARE FED—THE CATS'-MEAT MAN ON HIS ROUNDS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 43.





NEW YORK.—THE LATE REUBEN E. FENTON.  
PHOTO. BY RIEMAN & TUTTLE.

THE LATE REUBEN E. FENTON.

**EX-GOVERNOR REUBEN E. FENTON**, who died suddenly on the 25th ult., at his residence at Jamestown, had been for a quarter of a century one of the notable figures in the political life of the Empire State. He was emphatically a self-made man. Born in Carroll, Chautauqua County, July 1st, 1819, and educated at

the Pleasant Hill and Fredonia Academies, he studied law, and for a time practiced at the Bar; but realizing that his talents lay in a different direction, subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which, within a few years, he achieved a competence. In the meantime, having become interested in politics, he was in 1843 elected to his first office, that of Supervisor of the town of Carroll, a position which he held for eight successive years, during three of which he was chairman of the Board. He was a Democrat at this time, and the fact that he remained in office for so many years in a strong Whig district was a striking evidence of his personal popularity. In 1852 he aspired to higher honors, receiving the Democratic nomination for Congress. He entered the canvass with the advantage of having a very unpopular man opposed to him on the Whig ticket, and was elected by a bare majority, overturning a usual Whig majority of about 3,000. During his term the Nebraska-Kansas controversy was settled in Congress, and Mr. Fenton made himself active and felt as one of the forty-four Northern Democrats who voted against the extension of slavery. In 1854 Mr. Fenton received the joint nomination of the Whigs and Democrats against the candidate of the "Know Nothings," an organization which was at that time very strong in his district. This time he was defeated. Two years later the Republican party was founded, and he cast his political fortunes with the new organization, receiving its nomination for Congress, and being elected by a decisive majority. He was re-elected in 1858, 1860 and 1862, by majorities such as had never before been given to any candidate in the Thirty-first District. During these three terms he supported the Union cause heartily and eloquently on the floor of the House, and stood staunchly by President Lincoln and his Cabinet in all their war measures. So popular had he by this time become, that in 1864 he was nominated for Governor, and was elected over Horatio Seymour, who had been regarded as invincible. His administration as Executive proving in the best sense satisfactory,

he was renominated in 1866, and again elected by a greater majority than two years before. In 1868 he was elected United States Senator as successor to Edwin D. Morgan. In the same year he was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Vice-President. He served acceptably in the Senate until 1875, when he was succeeded by Francis Kernan. Subsequently to his retirement from the Senate, Mr. Fenton filled the important position of Chair-



OHIO.—THE WESLEY M. E. CHAPEL, COLUMBUS.  
SEE PAGE 46.

man of the United States Commission at the International Monetary Conference held in Paris in 1878. In recent years he has been active in the promotion of home enterprises, and in the furtherance of every measure looking to the welfare of the community in which he lived. Among his townsmen his death, caused by heart-disease, produced a profound sensation, and his funeral was not only largely attended, but marked by evidences of universal sorrow.



1. St. Michael's Church. 2. Scene on the Water Front after the Storm. 3. Destruction on South Battery.  
SOUTH CAROLINA.—SCENES IN THE TRACK OF THE CYCLONE WHICH DEVASTATED CHARLESTON, AUGUST 25TH.  
SEE PAGE 43.



### WESLEY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHAPEL, COLUMBUS, O.

THIS new and elegant church edifice, of which we give an illustration on page 45, was dedicated to public worship on Sunday, July 24th last. The entire services of the day were not only extremely interesting, but exceedingly impressive, and marked an era in the history of Methodism in the capital city of Ohio. Bishop R. S. Foster preached the dedicatory sermon.

Less than seventy-three years ago the present site of Columbus was an almost unbroken forest, with but few traces of the presence of civilized man. To-day it is the central city of one of the greatest States in the American Union, as well as its capital, possessing a population of 75,000. It has imposing public and private buildings, and schools and churches almost without number, and is in every respect a great inland city, with all the elements of prosperity.

The Methodists were among the early inhabitants of Columbus, and have grown with its growth, forming at this time the largest denomination in the city. Wesley Chapel was organized in 1847, under the ministrations of the Rev. Granville Moody, who, since that time, has become famous in the Church as a pulpit orator and "fighting parson." Bishop James, one of the most esteemed members of the Episcopal Board, preached the sermon on that occasion. The Society was started with 190 members, and has had as many as 770, until in 1875 a division was made, a large number of members withdrawing to form what is known as Broad Street M. E. Church.

The entire history of Wesley Chapel has been marked by the utmost harmony among the members, and between it and sister churches. It has always been an important factor in all movements for the enforcement of law and the upbuilding of a high moral sentiment in the community. Some of the strongest ministers of the Church have at times occupied its pulpit. Drs. Joseph M. Trimble, Isaac Crook, David H. Moore, James L. Grover and C. E. Felton have been a few of its pastors who are eminent in the Church. Dr. Felton is now the pastor of Mount Vernon M. E. Church, Baltimore, the leading Methodist congregation of that city; Dr. Moore is president of a college at Denver, Col., while Drs. Trimble and Crook are honored fathers in the ministry. The liberality of Wesley Chapel in supporting all the benevolent objects of the Church is conspicuous, \$1,000 being the regular amount collected each year for missionary purposes alone.

The beautiful building just completed and dedicated was erected at a cost of \$90,000, and the entire amount has been provided for. The cornerstone was laid August 6th, 1884. The Sunday-school room was ready last May, and has since been used for divine worship. The auditorium, which has been but recently completed, is one of the finest in the State. It is well lighted, beautifully designed, and richly decorated and carpeted. The windows are especially fine, the largest being embellished with the figures of Faith, Hope and Charity. The ceiling is high, finely finished, and is rich in decoration. The seats are all elegant as well as comfortable. A grand organ is one of the accessories. The exterior of the church is in pleasing harmony with the interior. A beautiful lawn surrounds the entire edifice, and everything that landscape-gardening could accomplish in rich results has been achieved.

The old church starts vigorously on its new career, with a working membership filled with the spirit of the Divine Master: it will go, no doubt, forward to new triumphs and enlarged usefulness. The Rev. N. Craft, D.D., is the present pastor, and it is to him that its more recent prosperity has been largely due.

### A NEW MORMON CANAAN.

THE lands in Mexico upon which the Mormon leaders have decided to locate their proselytes and new recruits from Europe are situated in the northern part of the State of Chihuahua, within fifty miles of the Arizona and New Mexican boundary line. A portion of the lands lie in Sonora. The new Canaan is a magnificent grazing country, well watered and susceptible of a high state of cultivation. The soil is virgin. It is said the Mormon section comprises about one million acres, which they have contracted to purchase at very low figures. No money has passed yet, as the titles are being perfected, and the Mormons demand that the Federal Government shall confirm the legality of the title before they hand over the payment. Arrangements are going forward, however, for the immediate settlement of the lands, and the vanguard of the Mormon army will arrive the first week in December from Utah. Brigham Young, Jr., said, recently, he was offered millions of acres of good land at a remarkably cheap price, and that the Mexicans were offering every inducement to secure the Mormon colony, instead of assuming a hostile attitude towards the Mormons, as has been currently reported.

### THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

MR. J. W. SCHUCKERS, of Philadelphia, once the private secretary to Chief Justice Chase, makes an important contribution to history by way of correcting Mr. Ward Lamon's account of the first draft of the Proclamation of Emancipation. Mr. Lamon says that when Mr. Lincoln submitted the paper to his Cabinet the concluding paragraph read as follows: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind." According to Mr. Lamon's statement, Secretary Chase, feeling that some recognition of Divine Providence was proper, suggested the addition of the seven words at the end of the above sentence, "And the gracious favor of Almighty God." Mr. Schucker's story is that, after reading the proclamation to Secretary Chase, Mr. Lincoln asked him to put in writing a memorandum of certain alterations he had verbally suggested, which the Secretary did in a communication dated December 31st, 1862, the last paragraph of which was in these words: "Finally, I respectfully suggest that on an occasion of such interest there can be no just imputation of affectation against a solemn recognition of responsibility before men and before God, and that some such close as follows will be proper: 'And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution and of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.'" Mr. Lincoln at once recognized the propriety of this invocation, and adopted it, with the modification, as it appears in the immortal document, of striking out the words, "And of duty demanded by the circumstances of the country," and substituting therefor the words, "Upon military necessity." It is not only interesting to learn the process by which the instrument of freedom was made, but it is eminently just that the author of the grand concluding sentence should have his meed of fame in history.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### DOMESTIC.

THE contributions to the Grant Monument amounted, up to August 28th, to \$65,225.

THE Iowa Republicans have nominated William Larrabee for Governor, and J. A. T. Hull for Lieutenant-governor.

SEVERAL cases of hazing have recently occurred at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and fifteen cadets are under investigation for participating in the outrages.

THERE were falls of snow at Huntingdon and South Haven, in Pennsylvania, on the 26th ult., and heavy frosts at Staunton, Va., and at various other points.

#### FOREIGN.

TENNYSON is about to publish another volume of poems.

MEMORIAL services in honor of the late General Grant were held last week in the City of Mexico, under official auspices.

THE German Government has recently sent to South America a commercial commission to investigate the openings for trade, etc.

THERE seems to be some ground for the statement that Russia and England have arrived at an understanding relative to the Zulficar Pass dispute.

IT is confirmed that Germany has established a protectorate over the whole territory between the Tana and Juba Rivers, in Africa. Italy has occupied St. Johns, in East Africa, near Zanzibar.

#### FUN.

FISHING—Catching fish by hook and lyin'.

THE return of the tied—The horse-thief brought in by the vigilance committee.

BUDDHA's tooth is preserved in Kandy. We infer that Buddha's is a sweet tooth.

THERE is no sale for snowshoes in Chicago. The regular footgear answers every purpose.

THE minstrel troupe is the original catpaw for raking old chestnuts out of the ashes of oblivion.

A POLICEMAN attacked by cholera morbus lost so much rest that he was forced to go on duty again to recuperate.

A MAN who has a stall in a Cincinnati market lost both legs in the army. What a splendid cashier he would make!

MANIE—"Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a blonde." Sadie—"Yes, dear; but you know I am in mourning now for poor dear papa. I'm not wearing light shades at all."

"AND them's what folks calls handsome, are they?" said a farmer, as he watched a couple of hansom cabs rolling down the street. "Well, I wonder what they'd think if they could see a new wagon with red wheels."

### IF YOUR COUGH IS GROWING MORE TROUBLESOME,

If you are losing flesh and strength, and are beginning to have night-sweats or any of the well-known and alarming symptoms that indicate pulmonary trouble, write to Drs. STARKY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, stating your case clearly, and ask their opinion as to your condition, and whether they have treated similar cases with their Compound Oxygen. *It will cost you nothing, as they make no charge for consultations.* They will, at the same time that they reply to your inquiries, furnish you with such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to determine whether in your own case a cure is possible.

PARLOR-CROQUET has been succeeded by baseball at cards in the library, and we may expect to hear of "Cricket on the Hearth."

### A Clear Head and a Strong Heart.

If you muddle your brains with any of the whisky compounds which are sold under the name of "bitters," and which toper delight in for stimulants, you do your system irreparable mischief. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not one of these. It promotes healthy action of the heart, liver and stomach. It cleanses and enriches the blood, and fits the brain for the best mental work. The best physicians prescribe it, and it is well worthy of a trial by all.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

"What is Actina?" is frequently asked. Generally speaking, it is a cure for imperfect eyesight, deafness and catarrh, with all their attendant ills and discomforts. But how does it cure? To all appearances it is a simple battery applied to parts affected, but in its results simply wonderful. If we are to take the testimony of the many (and what better proof can be had?) that have been benefited in the short time it has been in use, Nature's methods are the surest to effect a benefit to the afflicted, and this is what they claim for the battery—that in assisting Nature they get the desired result, restoring the proper circulation of the blood. By the action of electricity on substances contained in the battery, an electro-chemical vapor is produced, which, when applied either to the eye, if affected, or to the nose, in cases of catarrh, etc., excites the nerves and produces an increased circulation of the blood; and it naturally follows that the normal circulation is restored, and consequently health. All diseases are successfully treated by them with their curative garments upon the same principle. To the afflicted this is a great boon, in that it is painless and easily applied. "A word to the wise is sufficient"; so investigate, and convince yourself of its great and marvelous benefits by calling or sending for pamphlet to the ACTINA Co., 88 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

### YOUTHFUL INDULGENCE.

In Pernicious Practices, pursued in solitude, is a most startling cause of Nervous and General Debility, Lack of Self-confidence and Will-power, Impaired Memory, Despondency, and other attendants of wrecked manhood. Sufferers should address, with three letter-postage stamps, for large illustrated treatise, pointing out unfailing means of perfect cure, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE TONIC FOR OVERWORKED MEN.

DR. J. C. WILSON, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."

TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY:

DEBHAM, ME.

Gentlemen—Your agent left me a bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic. I took it myself, as I had been sick for a number of months with a lung affection, and was not able to practice. It helped me very much—so much so, that I am now about as well as usual. I have since given it to a number of patients, and it has benefited every case. I am indeed most thankful that it came to my hands. I had tried different preparations of coca before, but had no effects from them. H. S. PHENIX, M.D.

### BIG LUCK.

It is gratifying to us to note the fact that Messrs. John Cameron and J. Q. Morrison were the lucky owners of one-fifth of ticket No. 48,954 in The Louisiana State Lottery which drew the \$25,000 prize in the Drawing of July 14. This for ever does away with the reasoning of those crying fraud, because these gentlemen are too well-known to admit of a thought for a moment that they would lend themselves as parties to deceive the public. The fact is, they held the ticket, and it has been promptly cashed, and our good friends wear broad smiles because of their good luck. In the face of undisputable facts some will still doubt that which has been demonstrated beyond a doubt to any reasonable mind. Talk with these gentlemen, and you will then know that The Louisiana State Lottery cashes its drawings, and that persons do not have to stand in with them to be lucky. We rejoice with our good friends, and hope that they may again hold the winning number.—Wichita Falls (Tex.) Herald, Aug. 8.

### ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

ON the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." Superior to cod-liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's Treatise on Consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

### BURNETT'S COCAINE.

The Best and Cheapest Hair Dressing.

It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair. BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.

DR. COLLINS'S successful treatment of the Opium and Morphine Habit for the past seventeen years warrants him in offering one thousand dollars reward to any one afflicted with the habit that he cannot cure painlessly. Address DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.

### THE BILIOUS.

DYSPEPTIC or constipated should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

TEN drops of ANGSTURA BITTERS impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks, and prevent all Summer diseases. Try it, and you will never be without it; but be sure you get the world-renowned ANGSTURA, manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



### Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Renowned for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion.

CAUTION.—There are counterfeits; ask for Glenn's. Sold by druggists, 25 cts.; 3 cakes, 60 cts.; mailed to any address on receipt of price and 5 cts. extra per cake. C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

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This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Fimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

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loss of appetite, bile, head-

ache, hemorrhoids, cere-

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLECHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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A sure cure for Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness of Body & Mind, etc. Write for Pamphlet on Manly Vigor, free.

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# Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

The danger of catching a sudden cold, which may develop Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, or some other dangerous disease of the throat and lungs, has demonstrated, again and again, the importance of providing for just such emergencies by always keeping on hand a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

## Will Cure Bronchitis

Sarah A. Sloan, Forest Grove, Oregon, writes: "A long time ago I had severe Bronchitis. As several of my brothers and sisters had died after being similarly affected, I became alarmed, and commenced the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle cured me. The trouble has never returned, and I believe that the Cherry Pectoral saved my life."

J. M. Wharton, Jamestown, N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a long time in my family, and have yet to see its failure to cure Bronchial troubles or Coughs of any kind." Jas. Walden, Byhalia, Miss., writes: "I suffered eight years from Bronchitis, and was cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

## And Asthma.

Mrs. Mary A. E. Johnson, Horntown, Pa., writes: "I am now 60 years old. I had good health, until afflicted with Asthma, a few years ago. This was accompanied by a severe Cough. I suffered for over a year, until I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved and cured me. I believe it a God-send."

## AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

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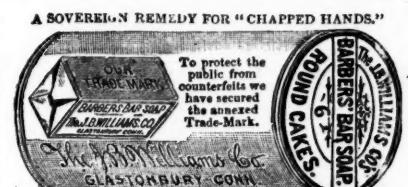
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